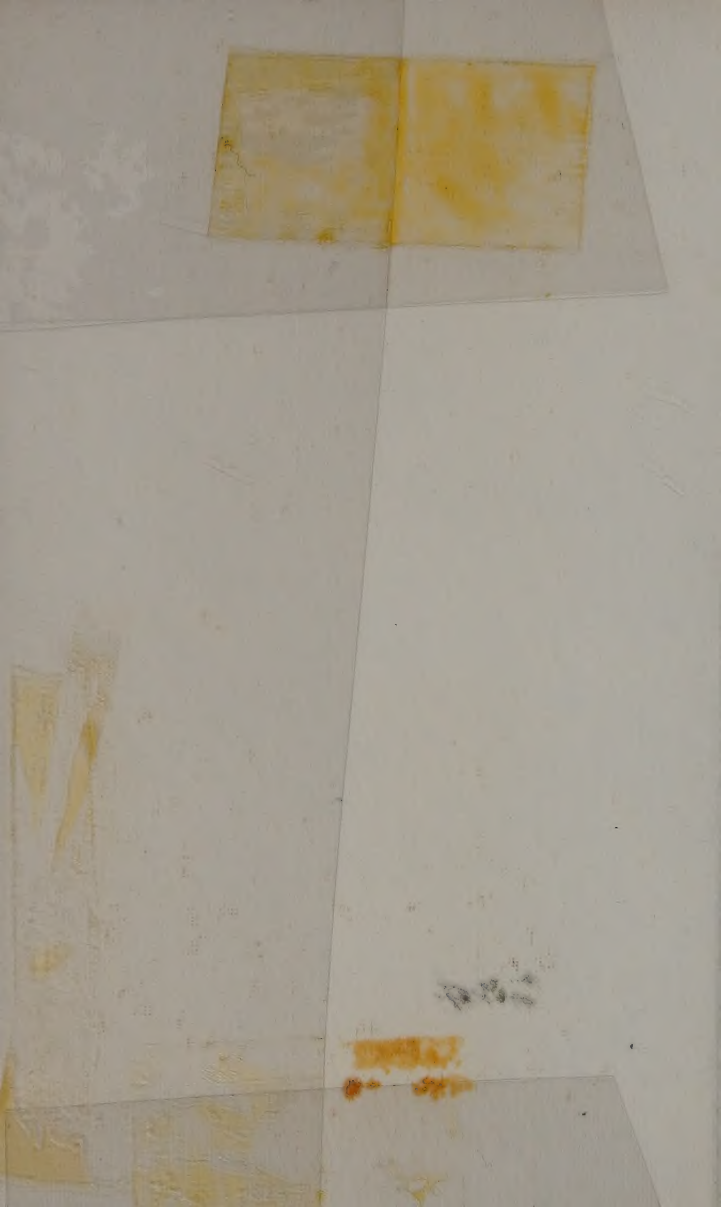


METHUEN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS

*Every Man
in his
Humour*

BEN JONSON





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Every Man in his Humour

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The Rape of the Lock: Pope

An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot: Pope

Minor Poems: Spenser

Selected Prose and Poetry: Sidney

The Duchess of Malfi: Webster

The White Devil: Webster

Selections from Wordsworth

White's Natural History of Selborne

Lyrical Ballads: Wordsworth and Coleridge

*Every Man
in his Humour*

Ben Jonson

EDITED BY
R. S. Knox



Methuen & Educational Ltd

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE text of this edition of *Every Man in His Humour* is substantially that of the First Folio. The spelling, however, has been modernized and Gifford's re-arrangement of the scenes has been followed, as have, for the most part, his stage directions.

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STATION

1. The station is located at the intersection of the main road and the side road.
2. The station is situated in a rural area with a population of approximately 500.
3. The station is served by a local train line that runs between the city and the countryside.
4. The station is a small building with a platform and a few benches.
5. The station is a quiet place with no other facilities.

10-10-10

INTRODUCTION

I. JONSON'S LIFE AND WORK.

THERE is more to guide us in tracing the course of Jonson's life and work and in estimating his personality than is the case with any other of our older dramatists. Besides what may be gleaned from the records of the theatre, the Court and the City, much can be gathered from the allusions of his contemporaries; for Jonson was a man who was not only keenly interested in himself, but could capture, often violently, the interest of others. In the generation that followed, Fuller, Aubrey, and Wood, antiquarians and pleasant raconteurs about great men, recorded what they had heard of Jonson's life. Fuller alone of the three could possibly have met him, and their information, valuable though it is, has too often the piquant flavour of mere gossip. But it is from Jonson himself that we know most. The quality of the man, his opinions on life and on art, are mirrored in his writings with a plainness which contrasts vividly with the baffling aloofness of Shakespeare. He has left, too, his own life-story casually narrated to the Scottish poet Drummond of Hawthornden, and by the Scot chronicled solemnly. In biographical value this document, *The Conversations between Jonson and Drummond*, is naturally the most important as it is the most interesting.

Ben Jonson was born, a posthumous child, in London, probably in 1573, although the exact year is doubtful. His grandfather had come originally from Scotland, and his father, Jonson told Drummond, "losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prison and forfeitted; at last turn'd minister: so he was a minister's son." A few years after her first husband's death his mother married a bricklayer. Jonson's first schooling was at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whence he was sent to

Westminster School. There, it would seem, he was educated at the expense of William Camden, one of the masters, "the most learned and my honoured friend," to whom he dedicated *Every Man in his Humour* and who was Jonson's first guide in a lifelong study of the classics. It is uncertain whether Jonson went from Westminster to one of the Universities. Both Aubrey and Fuller hold that he was for a short time at Cambridge, but Drummond makes no mention of this. In later years he graduated Master of Arts in both Universities, but "this was by their favour, not his studie." Some time after leaving school he seems to have worked with his stepfather as a bricklayer, a craft "which he could not endure" and which he left to become a soldier in the Low Countries. "In his service," says Drummond, "he had in the face of both the camps killed ane enemie and taken *opima spolia* from him." This campaign, doubtless, helped to give Jonson his respect for the real and his contempt for the sham soldier.

His life during the period immediately after his return to London, probably about 1592, is obscure. He seems to have married a wife, whom he later summed up as "a shrew, yet honest," and to have turned to the stage for a livelihood. He was an actor and, tradition has it, an unsuccessful one; but very soon he must have started his apprenticeship as a playwright, revising old pieces and helping to provide new ones for his Company. This was the Admiral's Company, managed and financed by Henslowe, whose *Diary* is an invaluable record of the plays and ways of the Elizabethan theatre. In this *Diary*, under the year 1597, Jonson is borrowing on a promised play "which he was to write for us before crysmas next after the date hereof, which he showed the plotte unto the company: I saye, lent in redy mony unto hime the some of XX shillings." Almost nothing is known of these earliest plays which Jonson wrote or touched up for Henslowe, but in the following year he was, rather surprisingly, mentioned by Meres, in a defence of the English stage, as one of our best poets for tragedy. In this year, 1598, *Every Man in his Humour* was first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Company, of which Shakespeare was a member, and there is a pleasing tradition that it was by Shakespeare's influence that the play was given a chance. The daring novelty of *Every Man in*

his Humour had immediate success and established Jonson's reputation as a dramatist ; but the triumph had a strange accompaniment. He was imprisoned for killing a fellow-actor in a duel and narrowly escaped the gallows, being released with the penalty of forfeiture of his goods and the branding of his left thumb. While in prison he went over to the Roman faith, by which he held till his re-conversion twelve years later. In 1599 he was back busily at work. He wrote two plays for Henslowe in partnership with other dramatists, but of these the titles alone survive. *The Case is Altered*, a comedy more akin to those of Shakespeare's early period than anything else of Jonson's, was acted this year by the children of the chapel at the Blackfriars theatre, and he followed up his first success with the companion play of *Every Man out of his Humour*, which, without the deft build or the lively brilliance of the other, is even more variedly and more arrogantly satirical.

It was but to be expected that Jonson would make enemies by the ridicule which he showered on the shams of the world around him ; but he defiantly gloried in the work. In his next play, *Cynthia's Revels*, acted by the children of the chapel in 1600, there are the first clear evidences that he is attacking in a vigorous personal quarrel. The play is a semi-allegorical satire on the follies of self-love and ignorant presumption which crowd around a royal court. It is often slow even to dullness and carries still further the queer structural looseness of *Every Man out of his Humour* : one can feel that Jonson intentionally lets drama go for the freedom of mere descriptive satire. Two of the figures ridiculed were appropriated to themselves by two contemporary dramatists, Marston and Dekker, with the latter of whom Jonson had already been a collaborator. They hastened to reply, but Jonson was ahead of them and in 1601 produced *The Poetaster*, a far better play than *Cynthia's Revels*, set at the Roman Court of Augustus and, in the puny assailants of the poet Horace, who is Jonson, plainly fooling Marston and Dekker. His opponents replied with *Satiromaster ; or, The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, in which Jonson, as Horace, is made to repent of his many shortcomings and is finally tossed in a blanket. The further development of the quarrel is dark. A curious phrase in a later play would seem to suggest that

Shakespeare had something to say on the side of the lesser dramatists, but, if he had, it is unknown what it was. Between Jonson and Marston there evidently had been blows, for the sturdy Jonson told Drummond that he had beaten Marston "and took his pistol from him." The ill-feeling, however, did not last long. Three years later Marston dedicated his *Malcontent* to Jonson, "candido et cordato amico," and four years later the pair were working on a play together. As to Shakespeare, Jonson's attitude is sufficiently witnessed by the lines he prefixed to the first collected edition of that poet's plays in 1623, the grandest tribute Shakespeare has received. The most serious outcome of the quarrel was Jonson's resolve to give up writing comedy :

" Since the comic Muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If Tragedy have a more kind aspect."

For the next two years his dramatic work was slight. According to Henslowe's *Diary* Jonson was, in 1602, lent ten pounds in earnest of a play called *Richard Crookback*, which has been lost or was never finished, and for new additions to Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. His own first tragedy, *Sejanus*, was acted by Shakespeare's Company at the Globe in the following year, and was a failure. Nor is this surprising, for this Roman play, despite its eloquence and the strength of its characterization, is so austere and cold and demands such an historical intimacy that its appeal must be rather to the scholar than to a popular audience. In his failure Jonson consoled himself with a proud contempt.

With the accession of James in 1603 Jonson found new opportunities. Both the King and the Queen were lovers of the drama, and Jonson was their chosen Court entertainer. From 1605, when he presented his first mask, *The Satyr*, before the Queen as she progressed to London, until the end of James's reign Jonson furnished some thirty of these Court entertainments. He has no equal as a maker of masks, and they reveal an aspect of his genius which his other dramatic works too often tend to hide. They are filled with a strong and clear lyrical poetry and a graceful fancy that lighten the burden of solid thought and learning which even those masks are made to carry. The most splendid of all is *The Masque of Queens*, presented in 1609.

But such writing was merely a paying relaxation for Jonson in the midst of more serious work. During the period between 1604 and 1616 he was busied with his greatest plays. He joined with Marston, his late enemy, and Chapman in a lively citizen comedy called *Eastward Ho*, and its acting had an interesting sequel which amply bears witness to the Jonson quality. The play contained a few harmless hits at the Scots, and good-humouredly ridiculed James's creation of cheap knights; and for one or both of those offences Marston and Chapman were sent to prison. No step was taken against Jonson, but he voluntarily joined them in jail. They were soon released after a threat of having their noses slit. "After their delivery," Jonson told Drummond, "he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old mother drank to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself."

The four next plays are Jonson's comic masterpieces: *Volpone*; or, *The Fox*, 1605, *Epicæne*; or, *The Silent Woman*, 1609, *The Alchemist*, 1610, and *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614. It is in these plays that the vigour of Jonson's intellect, the trenchant force of his satire, and his mastery of structure reach their height. And yet there is a variety in their excellence. In *Volpone* he shoots his satire at bigger game than in any of his former plays. His hot and angry fire is concentrated on an orgy of revolting greed and hypocrisy: it is the grimmest, the most tragic, of his plays, and by many considered his greatest. Like *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman* has a definite unity of plot which distinguishes it from the panoramic structure of most of the earlier comedies; but its tendency is to genial farce. Most people would give first place amongst Jonson's plays to *The Alchemist*. Here again the satire is broadened from individual ridicule, striking at the quack science of alchemy. But Jonson's attitude is not one of high moral indignation. The skilfully drawn rogues, Subtle and Face—the heroes or villains of the piece—pilot the play through an admirably woven series of laughable situations and, till they are themselves undone, hoodwink a varied crowd of victims, each

ridiculed in his personal species of folly. The last of the four, *Bartholomew Fair*, is, in the main, a satire on the hypocrisy and extravagances of Puritanism. It is of the earlier casual build and crowds the stage with all the fun and bustle of its title. It is the most animated picture of low-class London life in our dramatic literature, and, like *The Alchemist*, gives in passing some of Jonson's most vivid satirical studies. During this rich period of comedy Jonson wrote one tragedy, *Catiline*, in 1611. This second dramatization of Roman history has, as a stage play, the same drawback as *Sejanus*, and has the same scholarly merits. In 1616, which is a boundary date in the march of Jonson's life and work, he wrote another comedy, *The Devil is an Ass*, which, centring round the old-fashioned theme of the minor devil who comes to earth and finds mortals too much for him, has some most telling satire on contemporary foibles, but is not to be compared with the great comedies which had preceded. In this same year, 1616, the first volume of Jonson's *Works*—he himself called them so—was published, an admirably printed edition containing the best of his plays and masks, his epigrams, and his poems, *The Forest*.

As to the tenor of Jonson's life during these dozen years of his finest work, only one or two points need be noted. At least from the beginning of James's reign he had had the friendship of some of the most cultured of the nobility; but there was no servility in the patronage which Jonson received: "he never esteemed a man for the name of a Lord," he assured Drummond. And he had his richer everyday friendships. If his blunt tongue made him feared and even hated by some, he was loved as "honest Ben" by more; and his Bohemian nights at the taverns, when Fletcher and Donne, Chapman and Drayton, and even Shakespeare sat around, and wit flew "enough to justify the town for three days past," have come down in tradition and have been celebrated in song. In 1616 he received a pension of one hundred marks from the King, and, although the post was not then officially established, he held what was virtually the position of Poet Laureate.

The remainder of his life and of his works, though covering nineteen years, can be summarized more briefly. For nine years from 1616 he seems to have retired from the public theatre. What occasioned this and what he was doing in

the interval are uncertain. He continued his masks and seems to have been busied on non-dramatic work, on poems, on a history of Henry V, on a grammar and a theological commentary, most of which must have perished when his library was burned in 1623. During 1618-9 he made his famous visit to Scotland, when he talked freely, as a man on holiday, about himself and his contemporaries to his host Drummond of Hawthornden, who conscientiously took full notes and seems rather to have wondered at Ben. At the accession of Charles in 1625 the demand at Court for Jonson's masks almost ceased, probably on account of his quarrel with Inigo Jones, the architect and producer, or, as Jonson called him in his wrath, "the carpenter." This loss was partly made up in 1620 by an increase to his annual pension with the added gift of a butt of Canary wine, and by his appointment as Historiographer to the City of London in 1628.

The four plays, all comedies, which Jonson wrote in this latter half of his life added nothing to his reputation and seemingly little to his pocket. He broke his nine years' silence in 1625 with *The Staple of News*, which weaves into a half allegorical story a satire on the growing public appetite for news-sheets. *The New Inn*, acted in 1629, was an instant failure, and Jonson found consolation by writing the most proudly contemptuous of his poems, the *Ode to Himself*, in which he resolved to "leave the loathed stage." He left it until 1632, when he tried again with *The Magnetic Lady*, in which the plot is made to allow the exhibition of a group of the old "humours." Jonson's last play was *A Tale of a Tub*, acted in 1633. It has the novelty of dealing with rural life, has little satire except an interpolation against Inigo Jones, and was evidently a failure. A single play remains to be mentioned, found unfinished amongst his papers. This is *The Sad Shepherd*, which is one of the most beautiful of our pastorals, and which amply attests that the poet in Jonson was alive until the last.

Although, with the exception of *The Sad Shepherd*, there is an evident decline in the quality of Jonson's work in these later years, there was no decline in his reputation and influence in the literary world. His old peers of the Mermaid were mostly gone, but a new generation of poets crowded round him, hailed him as their master, and called

themselves of "the tribe of Ben." Not till his namesake of the eighteenth century, Samuel Johnson, was there such another undisputed King of Letters. Herrick, the poet of the *Hesperides*, has sung the glories of his reign :

"Ah Ben,
Say how, or when,
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun ?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

Ben Jonson died in August, 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the stone which marks his grave has the simple but fitting legend,

"O Rare Ben Jonson."

2. THE NATURE OF JONSON'S COMEDY.

Unlike Shakespeare, Jonson has refused to leave it to later critics to theorize about his art. He had no such artistic reticence and boldly has done all the theorizing for himself. In the inductions, prologues, and epilogues which he added to his plays, in the critical paragraphs of the *Discoveries*, and even throughout the plays themselves, he has left a full and clear statement of his ideals of drama, and especially of the comic drama. One of his grand manifestos on Comedy is the Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, and this will be our best starting-point in an endeavour to understand his views.

In the Prologue he firstly clears the way by scoffing at certain play types which hitherto had held the stage, and particularly at the rambling chronicle plays. He objects to their shapelessness : they reeled over time and place and had no unity : they rudely violated the illusion by covering generations in the two hours' traffic on the stage, making

"a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard, and weed,
Past threescore years."

He objects to their matter: they mixed indiscriminately the serious with the comic and relied too much on mere improbabilities and childish sensations, brought on with an eye to pleasing the "boys," the uncritical mob. They were, in short, an insult to the high dignity of the dramatic art.

After this general assault against what he conceives to be the shortcomings of previous dramas, Jonson proceeds to expound the true matter of comedy. Here again he would by implication assail former practices. Comedy must no longer be regarded as the tickling of thoughtless laughter with ludicrous incident or with buffoonery. Nor is it merely the pleasant dallying with a romantic love story, varied with interludes of fun. However much Jonson may have admired such romantic and lyrical plays as *Love's Labour's Lost* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, he certainly denied them the title of comedy. Comedy for him had a high and serious purpose. The sphere of the comic dramatist must be the familiar world of men; his business is to imitate and hold up to ridicule men's follies in character and in conduct; his aim is not only to amuse but to correct. In this light Jonson sums up the means and end of Comedy as

"deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes."

A realistic comedy of manners, in which the emphasis is on character rather than on incident, and the attitude is that of the satirist—such was the play type which Jonson first introduced to the English stage and of which he remains still the unrivalled master. All the elements in this new comedy—the mirroring of everyday life and of contemporary characters and the satire—may, indeed, be found sporadically in previous drama, as early as the moral interludes and as recent as the first comedies of Shakespeare, but never before had they deliberately been sought and brought together as the essential matter of comedy. All Jonson's great plays from *Every Man in his Humour* to *Bartholomew Fair* conform to this new type. Behind each the satiric purpose lies, although it may vary in kind and degree from the bitter cynicism of *Volpone* to the more genial

ridicule of *The Alchemist*. He boldly sets himself up as a "censor morum," but one whose special rebuke was aimed, as has been wisely said, less at moral than at intellectual weaknesses, at fools rather than at knaves. No other series of comedies affords such a rich and shrewd commentary on the town life of the time, for, wherever he may place the scene, Jonson's eye is ever on London. He has ranged over the whole of its society from courtier to water-carrier and has set vividly before us a motley company of its types. He has faithfully mirrored the variety of its fashions and ruthlessly anatomized its reigning follies. It would be hard to find elsewhere in English drama such a teeming gallery of satiric pictures of the vanities and shams to which men are liable, and, while this satire may be levelled at the absurdities of his own day, much of it has lasting point. We still have with us our Bobadills and Matthews, our quacks and quackeries; and at these Jonson can yet help us to take a knowing laugh.

In this conception of the function of comedy, Jonson, himself a scholar, takes his stand by the scholarly critics of the Renaissance. His ideal is precisely that stated by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poesy*: "Comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be, so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one." The ideal conforms to the precepts of the ancients and, to a lesser extent, falls in with the practices of the Greek and Latin comic poets, from whom, indeed, Jonson never scrupled to borrow both ideas and language when he saw fit occasion. But it would be wrong to imagine Jonson as one biased by his scholarship and pedantically following the authority of the classics. There was no more marked trait in his character than intellectual independence. If he agreed with classical theorists and often found inspiration in the writings of the ancients, it was because he honestly felt with them. Amongst them alone could he find examples of a dramatic art which satisfied his critical taste and, in its methods, was in consonance with the bent of his own genius. On the other hand, when Jonson disagreed with classical precept, no one more sturdily refused to be fettered. "*Non nimium credendum antiquitati*," he said. (One must not put *too* great faith in the ancients.)

The term associated with the satirical portraiture of character in Jonson's comedies is the "humour." This is an old medical word applied to each of the four fluids in the body—"the choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood"—the proportioning of which was supposed to determine a man's constitution and his temperament. The excess of any one of the humours gave to the temperament a particular bias which was reflected in all a man's actions. Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, has himself defined the term :

"As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluents, all to run one way.
This may be truly said to be a humour."

In Jonson's time the original significance of the word had been almost forgotten, but not entirely. It was evidently the fashion with some to affect one of these humours, perhaps, as with Bobadill, the cholerick humour of the swash-buckler or Matthew's melancholy humour of the poet. Indeed, the tyranny of a humour was made the excuse for all manner of foolish eccentricities :

"if an idiot
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is 'his humour'."

These impostors Jonson determines to expose :

"I will scourge those apes,
And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirror,
As large as is the stage whereon we act,
Where they shall see the time's deformity
Anatomized in every nerve and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of fear."

Most, though not all, of Jonson's best comic characters are, therefore, specimens of such humours, either real or sham, gathered from contemporary society. Kiteley, whose entire nature is warped by jealousy and who acts accordingly, is a real humour. Bobadill, Matthew, and Stephen are magnificent examples of the "apes," and it is on these latter that Jonson concentrates his most fiery and effective satire.

This extreme method of humour portraiture which

Jonson employs carries with it obvious limitations. Its simple clear-cut theory of character naturally forbids any of that life-like complexity which marks Shakespeare's people. It obviates all need for a fine psychology: the man, in his speech and conduct, is absolutely explained by his humour, which is made known at his first appearance and, as often as not, by his name. But it must be remembered that Jonson's first aim is satire, and for this the "humour" affords an admirable weapon. The inner reality of character may be neglected, but all that appears outwardly, the tricks and oddities of behaviour, is minutely observed and presented with a vivid force which drives the ridicule home.

In this tendency to realism and satire and in his critical attitude to his art, Jonson, although the chief spokesman and practitioner in drama, was not alone in his age. These qualities were, indeed, beginning to show themselves more and more in literature generally at the end of the sixteenth century. The temper of the writing at this time became far more intellectual than that of the preceding period; the impulse at work was no longer so purely an emotional impulse; there was an added weight of thought and seriousness. The pioneer work which Jonson did for drama in bringing it closer to the actualities of life had been done for lyrical poetry a little before by John Donne, whom Jonson knew and admired. Donne, too, rebelled against the unrealities of the past; he refused to accept the outworn fancies and dead conventions of Petrarchan love poetry and, instead, turned to a fearless analysis of experience. Indeed, this gradual change about the turn of the century from the buoyant enthusiasm of the earlier Elizabethan period, this deepening and intellectual hardening of the national spirit as expressed in the literature of the time, could be traced in many places. We might point to Shakespeare's tragedies, to Bacon's *Essays*, and follow the trail through the poetry, prose, and drama of the first half of the seventeenth century. Among playwrights contemporary with Jonson there were several who shared his new ideals of comedy and attempted to put them into practice. One of these, George Chapman, even to some extent anticipated Jonson in making his chief comic aim the presentation and ridicule of humours. Others followed in the humours' wake or in the realistic

picturing of ordinary and especially low-class London life. Right up to the closing of the theatres in 1642 Jonson's plays were frequently acted and their comic methods imitated. When the stage sprang into life again at the Restoration they still held their popularity, and, indeed, if the new comedy of manners which then came into vogue is to be given any definite literary ancestry, it is certainly to Jonsonian comedy that it must be related.

3. *EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR*—DATE AND REVISION OF THE PLAY.

Every Man in his Humour was acted for the first time by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598. This is stated on the title-page of the Folio edition of the play published in 1616. A reference to what must have been one of its first performances is contained in a letter dated 20 September, 1598, written by one Tobie Mathew to Dudley Carleton, in which he tells of a foreign visitor to London who lost out of his purse three hundred crowns at "a new play called, *Every Man's Humour*." As to the date of the play's composition, we can, from this reference, be certain that it was before September, 1598, and, with fair probability, may assign it to the earlier part of that year. The theatre at which the play was first produced was the *Curtain* in Shore-ditch, and Shakespeare was a member of the original caste. His name stands first in the list of players which is added to the Folio text. The play was an immediate and a continued success.

It was first printed, in Quarto, in 1601, having been entered in the Stationers' Register in the previous year. It was published for the second time as the first play in Jonson's edition of his collected works, the Folio of 1616, and between this Folio version and that of the earlier Quarto there are striking differences. Between 1601 and 1616 the play had undergone a very thorough revision. The following are the principal alterations:—

1. The scene of the action was changed. In the Quarto the scene was laid in Florence, and all the characters had Italian names. Old Kno'well was Lorenzo senior, Edward Kno'well was Lorenzo junior, Kately was Thorello,

Bobadill was Bobadilla, and each of the others was likewise Italianized.

2. Certain minor structural alterations were made towards the end of the play, mainly for the purpose of tightening up the last act and emphasizing the comedy ending. A visit by the Justice to Kitley's house and his hearing then of Dame Kitley's leaving for Cob's house were cut out. In Act V Scene i of the Folio his knowledge of this incident is taken for granted. A lengthy explanation by Brain-worm of his trickeries was curtailed, and Clement's admiration for Brain-worm, which in the Quarto took the extravagant form of making that rogue don the Justice's robe and preside at the supper-table, was toned down. The punishment meted out to Bobadill and Matthew was brought more into conformity with the good-humoured ending. In the Quarto the sentence had been that both should be locked up for the night in a cage and publicly pilloried next day, "and at night both together sing some ballad of repentance very pitteously, which you shall make to the tune of *Who list to leade a souldier's life*."

3. The language of the play has here and there been altered, words and phrases being changed or added. A few of the happiest character touches are given by the added phrases, such as Bobadill's proposed meal to be got from Matthew's two shillings, "a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach." One curious and interesting change of words has to be noted. An act against profanity in plays had come into force in 1606, and in consequence of this the oaths, which had been strewn fairly thickly throughout the Quarto edition, are in the later version considerably softened.

4. In the Folio one particularly fine verse passage has been omitted from Act V—Jonson's proud and splendid defence of the poet's art, which in the Quarto was spoken by Lorenzo junior (Young Kno'well) in answer to his father.

"Indeed, if you will look on *poesy*
As she appears to many, poor and lame,
Patched up in remnants and old worn-out rags,
Half starved for want of her peculiar food,
Sacred invention; then I must confirm
Both your conceit and censure of *her* merit;

But view her in her glorious ornaments,
 Attired in the majesty of art,
 Set high in spirit with the precious taste
 Of sweet philosophy ; and which is most,
 Crowned with the rich traditions of a soul,
 That hates to have her dignity profaned
 With any relish of an earthly thought,
 Oh then how proud a presence doth she bear !
 Then she is like herself fit to be seen
 Of none but brave and consecrated eyes :
 Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
 That such leam, ignorant and blasted wits,
 Such brainless gulls, should utter their stolen wares
 With such applauses in our vulgar ears :
 Or that their slubbered lines have current pass,
 From the fat judgements of the multitude,
 But that this barren and infected age,
 Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits,
 And a true Poet : than which reverend name
 Nothing can more adorn humanity."

5. The famous Prologue first appears in the edition of 1616.

These changes from the Quarto certainly add to the force and vivacity of the play. The discarding of the Italian convention by the change of scene naturally gives point to what is obviously a picture of London life and manners. The pruning of the verse, even although it entailed the rejection of the most poetical passage quoted above, has the equally obvious purpose of strengthening the tone of prosaic realism which the nature of the play demands.

It is uncertain when this revision was made. Fleay in his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama* put the date at 1601. He judged that it was prior to the accession of James by the references to the Queen (IV, v, 69, and IV, ix, 22), and he fixed on the precise year and month, April, 1601, by a calculation based on Bobadill's remark, "tomorrow, being St. Mark's day," and on Cob's annoyance at the day being a Friday. The references to the Queen must be given weight, but in his second piece of evidence Fleay has overreached himself, for these supposed dating phrases are in the Quarto, and if St. Mark's day was on a Saturday in 1601, it obviously could not fall on the same day in 1598. Moreover, there is no reason why Jonson, or any other dramatist, should make the timing in an imaginary play coincide with the date of its composition. Scholars are now inclined to place the revision later in Jonson's

career. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson has chosen 1606 or thereabout. He accepts as applicable Bobadill's evidence that he took part, some ten years before, in the fighting around Strigonium (III, i, 122), which was recaptured from the Turks in 1595. He arrived at the same date by identifying the present sent to the Grand Signior by the Turkey Company (I, i, 173) with the contribution of some five thousand pounds worth of goods which James gave to the re-chartered Levant Company in 1605 as a gift to the Porte. Professor Castelain, in an appendix to his study *La Vie et l'Œuvre de Ben Jonson*, agrees with Dr. Nicholson and produces what he considers further evidence for this date 1606 from other allusions in the play. He would see, too, in certain passages and in the structural changes which were made from the Quarto version a reflexion of Jonson's interest in Horace, whose *Ars Poetica* he was translating in 1605. The latest scholar to investigate this matter, Mr. Percy Simpson, would hold that the improvements in the Folio edition show even maturer work, that the change of scene to London was subsequent to his choice of a London setting for *The Silent Woman* in 1609 and *The Alchemist* in 1610, and that the revision took place about 1612, when, Jonson was busied in the preparation of his plays for the Folio publication.

4. EXAMINATION OF THE PLAY.

Construction.

It has been said that Jonson's chief aim in his comedies is the satirical portraiture of character. This is certainly true of *Every Man in his Humour*. The interest lies for the most part in a series of capital situations which permit the chosen victims, Stephen, Matthew, Bobadill, and Kiteley, to disport themselves, each "in his humour." Nevertheless in this play Jonson has taken more pains than he took in any of the humours comedies which immediately succeeded to set those scenes in a background of intricate action. In a secondary way it is a comedy of intrigue as well as a comedy of character.

Into the plot Jonson has woven three well-worn threads. The first is a theme familiar to Latin comedy, dealing with

the relations of the old father and the rakish son : the elder Kno'well, by means of the misdelivered letter, becomes suspicious of his son's conduct, follows him into his London haunts, and, through the trickery of a roguish servant, Brain-worm, is inveigled into a compromising situation at Cob's house. The second thread is the insensate jealousy of Kately for his wife, his determination to find her out, and his ultimate awakening to the foolishness of his fears. These two threads are tied together in the meeting and misunderstanding outside Cob's house (IV, viii). The third is the very thin love intrigue between Bridget and Young Kno'well. This is the one conventionally romantic aspect of the play ; but Jonson characteristically makes very little of it. It is introduced in Act IV, Sc. iii, with no preparation, and is but slenderly elaborated : it meets very thriftily the demand for sentiment and, what is more important, conveniently brings the young people into the last scene at Justice Clement's, where the entanglements are unravelled.

These are the main movements in the plot, but three of the principal humours characters, Bobadill, Matthew, and Stephen, have almost no active connexion with any of them. These three are merely splendid specimens gathered and exhibited for their own worth by the students of humanity, young Kno'well and Well-bred. In order, however, that their humours might be shown in action and that their appearance in the final scene of exposure might be sufficiently accounted for, Jonson has added the feud between Bobadill, Matthew, and Down-right, with Down-right's arrest on the charge of battery and Stephen's for stealing the coat.

Regarded as a comedy of intrigue, the play has its evident weaknesses. The elements of the plot are rather commonplace, and none of them has in itself sufficient strength to hold our interest. In the first half the action moves forward but slowly. Both in Kno'well's chase of his son and in Kately's jealousy there is too much mere exposition. The episodic humours scenes, though they are the salt of the play, naturally hold up the development of the intrigue. There is, indeed, a far swifter movement in the second half of the play ; but much of this added action is of the purely farcical kind which issues from mistakes in identity—here

from the disguises donned by Brain-worm. On the other hand, if the plot is thin, it is excellently manipulated: there is ample evidence of Jonson's constructive ingenuity in the skilful manner in which the threads are interwoven, the later complications resolved, and, mainly through the agency of the versatile Brain-worm, each character led to the Justice's house for the "outing" of the humours and the apportioning of rewards and penalties. This intricate planning of the second half of the play is an excellent example of that careful and precise art which Jonson prided himself in possessing above any of his contemporaries and which culminated in the perfect plotting of *The Alchemist*.

It is not, however, as a comedy of intrigue that *Every Man in his Humour* must be judged. The actual story may be meagre, but it is admirably adapted to present in its course a succession of separate incidents, each carefully chosen to point the folly in those figures whom it is Jonson's object to ridicule. There is scarcely an idle scene in this sense, one which has not its own special tally of satirical hits; but there are quite a number of scenes which are given up entirely to such character presentation and which do nothing to forward the plot. If we analyse act by act, placing, as far as possible, the telling of the story over against the episodic scenes of character study, it can be readily noted on which side Jonson's interest lay.

[ACT I.] The plot is started by the delivery of the letter to old Kno'well instead of to his son. The father determines to make investigations. The son receives the letter, is told that it has been read by his father, and sets out for the town accompanied by Stephen. Bobadill and Matthew also decide to visit Well-bred.

The pure humours interest easily preponderates: the exhibition of Stephen, in his conversations with old Kno'well, with the messenger, with Brain-worm, and with Edward Kno'well; the introduction of Matthew and Cob; the exhibition of Matthew and Bobadill in the latter's room, with Matthew's recitation of his verses and Bobadill's fencing lesson.

[ACT II.] The Kitley household is shown; so the setting for the second intrigue. Kitley and Down-right express their annoyance at Well-bred's mode of life; Down-right is insulted by Bobadill; Brain-worm, disguised as a soldier,

is taken into old Kno'well's service ; thus the first intrigue is carried a little further.

Again the character interest counts for more. Kitley's humour of jealousy is suggested ; Bobadill and Down-right begin to display themselves. The gulling of Stephen by Brain-worm over the sale of the rapier is almost purely episodic. Old Kno'well reveals himself in his harangue on the up-bringing of youth.

[ACT III.] By the end of the act the plot is advanced very little : the young men hear from Brain-worm how he has hoodwinked old Kno'well ; Cob is beaten by Bobadill and secures a warrant for his arrest ; Kitley's suspicions are fully aroused by the news of the crowd of visitors to his house.

The humours of Bobadill, Matthew, and Stephen are portrayed in detail before Young Kno'well and Well-bred in two of the main scenes, at the Windmill Tavern and in Kitley's warehouse. Bobadill boasts of his exploits in war and of his skill in smoking. Kitley's jealousy is elaborately exhibited in soliloquy and in conversation with Cash.

[ACT IV.] In this full and bustling act the different intrigues are advanced and made ready for their resolution before Justice Clement. Young Kno'well casually confesses his love for Bridget, and later the marriage at the Tower is arranged. Brain-worm sends old Kno'well to Cob's house, and Well-bred sends the Kitleys to the same place : the cross accusations there are to be settled before the Justice. Brain-worm befools Formal and, in another disguise, arrests Down-right and Stephen.

A series of pure humours scenes runs through the Act : Well-bred and Kno'well exhibit their victims before the ladies in Kitley's house, and Down-right storms against them ; Matthew the sham poet is exposed ; Bobadill, while boasting of his prowess with the sword, is caught and beaten by Down-right in Moorfields ; Kitley in his jealousy fears he is poisoned.

[ACT V.] All the misunderstandings are cleared up and the folly of the " humours " revealed.

In conformity with his dramatic principles Jonson has in the play observed the unity of time : the action is kept within a single day. He allowed himself a less rigid interpretation of the so-called unity of place : the general scene

is London and its environs, but within these limits he does not scruple to make frequent changes of locality.

The Characters.

The characters in the play naturally range themselves into three fairly distinct groups: the normal people; those held up to ridicule; the minor characters who fill in the play, who are not the objects of satire, but some of whom are interesting side studies.

[THE GROUPS OF CONSPIRATORS]

The first group is the small band of conspirators who carry through the series of practical jokes which forms the plot and who are the exploiters of the various victims of "humours." In this group are the nominal hero, young Kno'well, his friend Well-bred, the servant Brain-worm, and, though her active part is small, his sweetheart Bridget. Kno'well and Well-bred are excellently portrayed as the genuine gentlemen against whose cultured sanity the shams and extravagances of the "humours" are contrasted. They are University men, also students of the town and its types, and each amuses himself and vies with the other in collecting and exhibiting his queer human finds. Kno'well presents his country cousin Stephen; Well-bred brings Bobadill and Matthew and draws amusement from his brother-in-law Kitely. There is little attempt to individualize the pair of friends. They are alike in ironic wit and in their attitude of easy superiority to their victims. In the earlier form of the play the distinction between the two had been more clearly marked. Edward Kno'well's love of poetry had been further emphasized and had been contrasted with the sham poetic humour of the poetaster and plagiarist, Matthew. He is still the poet and the defender of poetry's worth in the Folio version, but, as has been noted, his most splendid speech has been omitted. Brain-worm, the third of the conspirators, is the most energetic character in the play—but, of course, he is little else. He is the necessary instrument for setting in motion and carrying to a head the various schemes. He is a lively revival of the trickster servant of Latin comedy, who fooled the father and sided

with the son. Bridget, too, merely fills a necessary part, one which at no time had much interest for Jonson and which here he keeps well in the background.

[THE HUMOURS]

The second, and by far the most interesting, group comprises the victims from whom the real comedy of the play is gathered. Of these old Kno'well, the victim of the first intrigue, is the least important. He is left merely a type, and an old-fashioned type at that, which Jonson knew well in classical comedy. He is the old father who mistrusts the ways of the new generation and sententiously recalls the better morals and manners of the past. Kately, the victim of the second intrigue, is one of Jonson's most striking "humours." The jealous husband had been a figure in Latin comedy, and after Jonson he became a frequent and popular character in English drama; but it would be hard to find another more forcibly drawn than Kately. This, of course, applies only to comedy: he must not be placed beside Shakespeare's Othello. Any comparison between the two is beside the point unless it be to mark the difference in aim and method between the dramatists. Shakespeare is working in the more exacting realm of tragedy. He presents the complete man, a noble and open nature subtly wrought up to a momentary madness. Jonson's intention is satiric comedy: he eliminates from Kately all but the one idea of foolish jealousy, which, after the manner of the "humour," becomes an obsession and ridiculously colours all his thoughts and conduct. Judged in this lesser light, the presentation of Kately, especially in Act III, Sc. ii, where he essays and fears to put his trust in Cash, has a compelling strength which has made the character one of Jonson's greatest stage successes. Among Shakespeare's people it is Master Ford of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* who has the closest kinship to him. Kately's wife, like her sister Bridget and Jonson's women generally, is lightly drawn and leaves but a shadowy impression. The other member of the Kately household, Down-right, acts for the most part as the general foil against whose gruff common-sense the high spirits of the young men and the

shams of their company are set, and particularly the pretensions of Bobadill.

[BOBADILL]

Bobadill is Jonson's masterpiece in comic character and is easily the dominant figure in the play. The braggadocio soldier, whose deeds belie his brave words, has been a traditional butt of comedy. He is the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, the *Thersytes* of the early English Interlude; Shakespeare has tilted at him in *Parolles* and in *Ancient Pistol*, and, in a far-off way, even Falstaff may be regarded as a wonderful transformation of the type. But from these others Jonson's Captain stands out distinctly. It is not only that he is made vividly to express the Elizabethan species of the class, with his up-to-date oaths, his skill in the tobacco art and in the latest duelling strokes, haunting the disreputable purlieus of London or the middle aisle of St. Paul's; he is endowed with an individuality which is lacking in the other "humours." He is, indeed, far more than a mere "humour." There is life in this lean, hungry figure, who, despite his arrogant and condescending airs and all his bravery, can never rise above his cup of small beer. The two most effective moments in the play are with Bobadill. The first is our introduction to him, when he is surprised in his lodging by Matthew, excuses his residence on the grounds of privacy, and proceeds to parade himself by giving his admirer, who has politely accepted the excuses, a fencing lesson with the landlady's broomstick. One can understand from the satire of such a scene why the Bobadills of London showed their dislike for Jonson. The second is the grand scene of Bobadill's discomfiture in Act IV, when, in the midst of his boasts and fiery threats, he is caught by Down-right and trounced; "struck with a planet," he protests, and leaves to seek a pusillanimous remedy in a summons for assault. If we compare this portrait of Bobadill with that of the genial, roistering Falstaff we may again measure the difference in the comic attitudes of the dramatists: Shakespeare with his sympathetic humour; Jonson, seeing the fun, but relentlessly pointing the satire.

Matthew and Stephen, though slight beside Bobadill,

are good studies of perennial types, the "gulls" of town and country who would fain be fashioned as gentlemen, but who gather only ridicule in their attempt. The satire on Matthew, the sham and thieving poet, is the first of Jonson's many attacks on pretenders in poetry.

[THE MINORS]

Of the group of minors little need be said. Cob, the waterman, is a whimsical and almost grotesque study, unique in Jonsonian comedy. The part in the play given to this droll figure, laughable in himself and often foolishly wise in his comments on others, is not unlike that assigned to the Shakespearean Clown. But the drab realism of Cob's surroundings and of his profession, admirably matching the rest of the play, again marks the contrast in the comic methods of the two dramatists. Cob's wife, Tib, is a slighter but fitting companion picture. These two and many figures in his later comedies show Jonson's intimacy with the under side of London life. Cash and Formal, the clerks, are merely required by the plot, although the latter is made to provide an additional moment of farcical fun as the victim of Brain-worm. Finally, there is the genial Justice Clement. He is the "deus ex machina" of the comedy, sorting out the knots and bringing the "humours" to a perception of their folly. He appears but little, and his part is a conventional one in comedy, and yet Jonson, in the course of Act V, has succeeded in endowing him with a distinct and lively reality.

In this brief survey Jonson's mastery of satirical portraiture has chiefly been emphasized; and his desire to kill sham by effective ridicule was undoubtedly his first purpose. Critics are almost unanimously agreed on the success of this aspect of the play. His picture of Bobadill is given rank amongst the very greatest in its kind; it can be set beside the brilliant figures in Molière's comedy. But the other aspect of Jonsonian comedy, as seen in *Every Man in his Humour*, that which reflects the aim to amuse in distinction to the more serious desire to correct, has not been so generally acknowledged. In some of his other

plays, like *Volpone*, his satire may be unsmiling and grim; but that is surely not so with *Every Man in his Humour*. Bitterness is certainly not the note of this comedy. It is a play which in its ridicule can yet afford many a real hearty laugh, where pure humour, in the conception of a situation or in the pose of a character, appeals almost as much as the effective satire. All the best scenes have this double quality. So at the very beginning, where Stephen flaunts his leg and swallows Brain-worm's praises: this has to be witnessed on the stage, it is true, to get the fun in its fullness, but even in the reading it is good. So it is in the big Bobadill scenes which have been already mentioned—that in the garret where he condescends to teach Matthew with the bed-staff; that in the Windmill when he brazenly lies about his campaigns and Stephen treasures up his new-fangled oaths; and in the street when he details his plan to fight the queen's enemies and is thrashed by Down-right.

5. STYLE

Every Man in his Humour is written partly in prose, partly in blank verse, and in using this double medium Jonson was following what was already a common practice in Elizabethan comedy. In his distribution of the prose and verse he also conforms to the regular and natural usage, the verse being reserved for those moments in the play when the tone becomes more serious and the sentiments more weighty. Old Kno'well and Kitley speak in blank verse practically throughout the play. The old man's moral harangues, filled with phrasing and ideas borrowed from the classics, and Kitley's vivid expression of his jealous fears fall fittingly into the loftier verse form. In the Quarto edition blank verse had been more freely used and a few passages had even been set in rhyme. For the Folio revision the rhyme frills were with advantage cut off, and of the blank verse passages omitted, the most important has already been noted—Young Kno'well's speech in the last scene in defence of poetry. Jonson evidently thought it better that the young man's language, befitting his company and surroundings, should be consistently kept to prose.

The blank verse in its quality is excellently suited to the everyday tone of the play and to the rather prosaic characters of the speakers. It is essentially a dramatic verse, well adapted for stage speech, clear and with a sinuous strength. The opening lines of Kno'well's speech at the beginning of Act II, Sc. iii, may be instanced as typical in their manner :

" I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my son ; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and uttered it,
On a gray head ; age was authority
Against a buffoon ; and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life : so much
The sanctity of some prevailed for others."

While the norm of five accents to the line is generally kept, there is no stiff monotony ; the verse flows into brief yet varied periods with an almost colloquial ease. It is, too, essentially an unadorned verse, incisive and terse in its expression and eschewing all unnecessary graces.

In his prose Jonson has admirably followed his own precept in the Prologue, that comedy, dealing as it does with the ordinary deeds of men, should be couched in " language such as men do use." The realism of the matter demands and has been given an equal realism in its expression. The language is closely fitted to the speakers ; the play for the most part treats of fools and incompetents, and the commonplace reality of their language reflects this. For his comic effects Jonson has been content to rely on his situations and on the conception of his characters ; these the phrasing brings out sufficiently, but it is made to do little more. Witty wording for its own sake or anything like the sparkle of promiscuous epigram is unsought for. This impression of everyday actuality which the language of the play leaves is further heightened by the very large number of words, phrases, and allusions peculiar to the period. Indeed, in his deliberate aim to keep the language as true to life as is possible for an artist, Jonson more than any of our older playwrights has anticipated what has become a demand of our modern naturalistic drama.

14-18-1

14-18-1

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MASTER CAMDEN,

CLARENCIEUX

SIR,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury ; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of *Poetry*, or the professors : but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error ; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things ; and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this : such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush ; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor : and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.

Your true lover,

BEN JONSON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KNO'WELL, *an old Gentleman.*
EDWARD KNO'WELL, *his Son.*
BRAIN-WORM, *the father's Man.*
MASTER STEPHEN, *a country Gull.*
GEORGE DOWN-RIGHT, *a plain Squire.*
WELL-BRED, *his Half-brother.*
KITELY, *a Merchant, their Brother-in-law.*
THOMAS CASH, *his Cashier.*
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, *a Paul's man.*
MASTER MATTHEW, *a town Gull.*
OLIVER COB, *a Water-bearer.*
JUSTICE CLEMENT, *an old merry Magistrate.*
ROGER FORMAL, *his Clerk.*

DAME KITELY, *Kitely's Wife.*
MISTRESS BRIDGET, *his Sister.*
TIB, *Cob's Wife.*

Well-bred's Servant. Other Servants, etc.

SCENE : *London.*

PROLOGUE.

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art, and nature have not bettered much ;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage,
As he dared serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard, and weed,
Past threescore years : or, with three rusty swords. 10
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
Fight over York, and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tying-house brings wounds, to scars.
He rather prays, you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be ;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas ;
Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please ;
Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afeard
The gentlewomen ; nor rolled bullet heard
To say, it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come ; 20
But deeds, and language, such as men do use :
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make 'hem such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they 're ill.
I mean such errors, as you 'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less :
Which when you heartily do, there 's hope left then,
You, that have so graced monsters, may like men. 30

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter KNO'WELL at the door of his house.

Kno'. A goodly day toward ! and a fresh morning !
—Brain-worm,

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Call up your young master : bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, sir, presently.

Kno'. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kno'. How happy yet, should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame, in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces :
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student ; and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless, and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors,

10

Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge : 20
 But since, time, and the truth have waked my judgment,
 And reason taught me better to distinguish
 The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
 What news with you, that you are here so early ?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno'. That 's kindly done ; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir ; I would not ha' come else.
 How does my cousin Edward, uncle ?

Kno'. O, well, coz, go in and see ; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet. 31

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting ? I would fain borrow it.

Kno'. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you ?

Step. No, wusse ; but I 'll practise against next year, uncle : I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all ; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno'. O, most ridiculous ! 40

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle : why you know, an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I 'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants' company without 'hem. And by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum ; hang 'hem, scroyles, there 's nothing in 'hem i' the world. What do you talk on it ? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury ? or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds ? A fine jest, i' faith ! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice. 54

Kno'. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb ; go to !
 Nay, never look at me, it 's I that speak.
 Take 't as you will, sir, I 'll not flatter you.
 Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste
 That which your friends have left you, but you must
 Go cast away your money on a kite, 60
 And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done ?
 O, it 's comely ! this will make you a gentleman !
 Well, cousin, well ! I see you are e'en past hope
 Of all reclaim.—Ay, so, now you 're told on it,
 You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do ?

Kno'. What would I have you do ? I 'll tell you,
 kinsman,
 Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
 That would I have you do : and not to spend
 Your coin on every bauble, that you fancy,
 Or every foolish brain, that humours you. 70
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 Till men's affections, or your own desert,
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.
 He, that is so disrespectful in his courses,
 Oft sells his reputation, at cheap market.
 Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery, lest while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it, 80
 And you be left, like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I 'ld ha' you sober, and contain yourself ;
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat :
 But moderate your expenses now, at first,
 As you may keep the same proportion still :
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
 From dead men's dust, and bones ; and none of yours,
 Except you make, or hold it.—Who comes here ? 90

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen !

Step. Nay, we don't stand much on our gentility, friend ; yet you are welcome, and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land : he has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will : I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir ? why ! and in very good time, sir ! You do not flout, friend, do you ? 101

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir ? you were not best, sir ; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too ; go to. And they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you ; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion ! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you ; though I do not stand upon my gentility, neither, in 't.

Kno'. Cousin, cousin ! will this ne'er be left ?

Step. Whoreson base fellow ! a mechanical serving-man ! By this cudgel, an'twere not for shame, I would——

Kno'. What would you do, you peremptory gull ?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence. 120

You see, the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion :
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in : 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit STEPHEN.*]

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house ?

Kno'. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well : do you know any such, sir, I pray you ? 132

Kno'. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman ? cry you mercy, sir : I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno'. To me, sir ! What do you mean ? pray you remember your court'sy. [*Reads.*] "To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well." What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it ? Nay, pray you be covered. 141

Serv. One Master Well-bred, sir.

Kno'. Master Well-bred ! a young gentleman, is he not ?

Serv. The same, sir ; Master Kitely married his sister—the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Kno'. You say very true.—Brain-worm !

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brai. Sir.

Kno'. Make this honest friend drink here :—pray you, go in. [*Exeunt* BRAIN-WORM and *Servant.*

This letter is directed to my son : 151

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope, (old men are curious)

Be it but for the style's sake, and the phrase ;

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Well-bred :—what have we here ? what's
[this ? 159

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn
all thy friends i' the Old Jewry ? or dost thou think us
all Jews that inhabit there, yet ? If thou dost, come

over and but see our frippery ; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us. Do not conceive that antipathy between us, and Hogsden, as was between Jews, and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall : an I had been his son, I had saved him the labour, long since, if taking in all the young wenches, that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'hem, would ha' served. But, prithee, come over to me quickly, this morning ; I have such a present for thee !—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymers, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven ; but doth think him himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other, I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

From the Windmill.

From the Bordello it might come as well, 184

The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth ?

I know not what he may be, in the arts,
Nor what in schools ; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch ; 190
Worse, by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.

Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend !

Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it ? Well, my son, I 'd thought
Y 'd had more judgment t' have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare 200

No argument, or subject from their jest.
 But I perceive, affection makes a fool
 Of any man, too much the father.—Brain-worm!

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brai. Sir.

Kno'. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno'. And where's your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Kno'. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno'. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son;
 But with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*

Kno'. I am resolved I will not stop his journey; 213

Nor practise any violent mean, to stay

The unbridled course of youth in him; for that,

Restrained, grows more impatient; and, in kind,

Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,

Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,

Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

There is a way of winning, more by love, 220

And urging of the modesty, than fear:

Force works on servile natures, not the free.

He, that's compelled to goodness, may be good,

But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn

By softness, and example, get a habit.

Then, if they stray, but warn 'hem, and the same

They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in KNO'WELL'S house.*

*Enter E. KNO'WELL, with a letter in his hand, followed by
 BRAIN-WORM.*

E. Kn. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Kn. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he i' the reading of it ? was he angry, or pleased ?

Brai. Nay sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kn. No ? how know'st thou, then, that he did either ?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it ; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed. 12

E. Kn. That 's true : well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

Enter STEPHEN.

Step. O, Brain-worm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet ? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him ?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him, where is he, canst thou tell ?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind : he is gone, Master Stephen. 21

Step. Gone ! which way ? when went he ? how long since ?

Brai. He is rid hence : he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields ! Whoreson Scanderbag rogue ! Oh that I had but a horse to fetch him back again !

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir. 30

Step. But I ha' no boots, that 's the spite on 't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it 's no boot to follow him now ; let him e'en go and hang. 'Pray thee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me——

Brai. You 'll be worst vexed when you are trussed,

Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold ; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on 't :—how dost thou like my leg, Brain-worm ? 41

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen ! but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh ! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust : I 'll have a pair of silk again winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose.

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would : I have a reasonable good leg. 50

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen, but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for 't. *[Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brain-worm. Gramercy for this.

E. Kn. Ha, ha, ha !

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me ; an he do——

E. Kn. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him ! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience, I 'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man ; for he takes much physic, and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Well-bred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience ! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—*[Sees STEPHEN.]* What, my wise cousin ! nay then, I 'll furnish our feast with one gull more to'ard the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here 's one, that 's three ; oh, for a fourth, Fortune ! if ever thou 'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee—— 74

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at : he laughed

at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me——

E. Kn. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin. 80

E. Kn. Why, what an I had, coz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kn. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kn. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then——

E. Kn. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient. 90

E. Kn. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: Will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest——

E. Kn. No, no, you shall not protest, coz. 100

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leave: I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kn. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kn. Your turn, coz? do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit; and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as

not ten housewives' pewter, again a good time, shows more bright to the world than he ! and he ! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man ! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn or a black cypress ! Oh, coz ! it cannot be answered ; go not about it : Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz ; but hold up your head, so : and let the idea of what you are, be portrayed i' your face that men may read i' your physnomy, " Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz ? 128

Step. Why, I do think of it ; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll ensure you.

E. Kn. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen !
[*Aside.*] Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour : we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kn. Follow me ! you must go before. 138

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you, show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The lane before COB's house.*

Enter MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house :—what, ho !

Enter COB.

Cob. Who's there ? O, Master Matthew ! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob? how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house, here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage? 9

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither—by your worship's leave, I did lie in that—but Herring, the king of fish (from his belly, I proceed), one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His cob was my great-great-mighty-great-grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty? why mighty? I pray thee.

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob. 21

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay sir: with favour of your worship's nose, Master Matthew, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say. 30

Cob. I say, rasher-bacon. They were both broiled o' the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope? you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest, alas! ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadill? 40

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not

wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he! He lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou 'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in 't, we could not get him to bed, all night! Well, sir; though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night. 53

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, ho! God b' wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple! come. 60

Enter TIB with a water-tankard.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings? Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib, show this gentleman up to the captain.—[*Exit TIB with MATTHEW.*] O, an my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak "Moe fools yet." You should have some now would take this Master Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is, (O, my guest is a fine man!) and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one Master Kitley's, i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mistress Bridget, and calls her "mistress," and there

he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'hem! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, poyetry, and speaking of enterludes, 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him—Well, should they do so much to me, I 'ld forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: "By St. George!—the foot of Pharaoh!—the body of me!—as I am a gentleman and a soldier!" such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest, and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at 's tonnels.—Well, he owes me forty shillings—my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time—besides his lodgings: I would I had it! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman. [Exit. 95

SCENE IV. *A room in COB'S house.*

BOBADILL *discovered lying on a bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

Enter TIB.

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below, would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. [*Below.*] Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there?—Take away the bason, good hostess;—Come up, sir. 11

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir.—You come into a cleanly house, here!

Enter MATTHEW.

Mat. 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see, I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you. 21

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others:—Why, hostess, a stool here, for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private. 32

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient! but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you. 40

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar, and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir ! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly, and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there ? What ! " Go by, Hieronymo " ?

Mat. Ay : did you ever see it acted ? is 't not well penned ? 50

Bob. Well penned ? I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was ! they 'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'hem, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth, again.

[While MATTHEW reads, BOBADILL makes himself ready.]

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book. " O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears ! " there 's a conceit ! " fountains fraught with tears ! " " O life, no life, but lively form of death ! " another—" O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs ! " a third—" Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds ! " a fourth. O, the Muses ! Is 't not excellent ? Is 't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain ? Ha ! how do you like it ? 65

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. *To thee the purest object to my sense,
The most refinèd essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste : thus, mildly, I conclude.*

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where 's this ?

Mat. This, sir ! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage ; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study ? good faith, I can show you some very good things, I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks. 78

Bob. So, so ; it 's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the

fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother, and I, are fallen out exceedingly: this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion, and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and cried it down, for the most pried and ridiculous that ever he saw. 87

Bob. Squire Down-right, the half-brother, was 't not?

Mat. Ay sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you 'ld lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of. 100

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, wherê he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be! for I was sure, it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so. 111

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with, at pleasure, the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom, ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir. 125

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poinard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit TIB.*] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly. 141

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill! a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me—[*MATTHEW pushes at BOBADILL.*—come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body. The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passada; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility, or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir. 156

Bob. Venue ! fie ; most gross denomination as ever I heard : O, the "stoccata," while you live, sir ; note that.—Come, put on your cloak, and we 'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted ; some tavern, or so—and have a bit. I 'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction ; and then, I will teach you your trick : you shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand ; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line,—except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew ? 170

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least ; but come. We will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine ; and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach : and then we 'll call upon young Well-bred : perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in KITELY's House.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWN-RIGHT.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk,
Here take my key :—it is no matter neither.
Where is the boy ?

Cash. Within, sir, i' th' warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you

See the delivery of those silver stuffs
 To Master Lucar ? Tell him, if he will,
 He shall ha' the grograns, at the rate I told him,
 And I will meet him on the Exchange, anon.

Cash. Good, sir. 10

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Down-right ? [Exit.]

Dow. Ay, what of him ?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child up at my door,
 And christened him, gave him mine own name, Thomas :
 Since bred him at the Hospital ; where proving
 A toward imp, I called him home, and taught him
 So much, as I have made him my cashier,
 And given him, who had none, a surname, Cash ;
 And find him, in his place, so full of faith,
 That I durst trust my life into his hands. 20

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
 As it is like he is, although I knew
 Myself his father. But you said y' had somewhat
 To tell me, gentle brother, what is 't ? what is 't ?

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
 As fearing it may hurt your patience :
 But, that I know, your judgment is of strength,
 Against the nearness of affection——

Dow. What need this circumstance ? pray you, be
 direct.

Kit. I will not say, how much I do ascribe 30
 Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
 I hold your love ; but let my past behaviour,
 And usage of your sister, but confirm
 How well I 've been affected to your——

Dow. You are too tedious ; come to the matter, the
 matter.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
 My brother Well-bred, sir, I know not how,
 Of later is much declined in what he was,
 And greatly altered in his disposition.
 When he came first to lodge here in my house, 40

Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him :
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And—what was chief—it showed not borrowed in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seemed as perfect, proper, and possessed,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off 50
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends ; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common, as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseased riot ;
And here, as in a tavern or a stew,
He and his wild associates spend their hours, 60
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants ; and, indeed, what not ?

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him,
i' the whole world ! He values me at a cracked three-
farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh
that's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one
would think, if that would serve ; but counsel to him is
as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well !
he knows what to trust to, for George : let him spend,
and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache ; an he think
to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city-
pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear,
i' faith ; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door :
I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with 't to
fetch him out, I'll assure him. 76

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you
thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me, I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But why are you so tame? why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house? 81

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother. But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it, (Though but with plain and easy circumstance,) It would, both come much better to his sense, And savour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives and warrants you authority; Which, by your presence seconded, must breed A kind of duty in him, and regard : 90

Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt, to his neglect, Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred That, in the rearing, would come tottering down, And, in the ruin, bury all our love. Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak, He would be ready, from his heat of humour, And overflowing of the vapour in him, To blow the ears of his familiars, With the false breath, of telling what disgraces, 100 And low disparagements, I had put upon him. Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, Make their loose comments, upon every word, Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over, From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes; And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies, Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me. And what would that be, think you? marry, this: They would give out—because my wife is fair, Myself but lately married, and my sister 110 Here sojourning a virgin in my house— That I were jealous!—nay, as sure as death, That they would say: and, how that I had quarrelled My brother purposely, thereby to find An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
But set the bills up, to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself; 120
Lend scorn and envy, opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name——

Enter MATTHEW struggling with BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him——

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh,
you shall not! you shall not do him that grace.—The
time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Master
Well-bred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he
within, sir? 130

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I
assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me:
I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt BOBADILL and*
MATTHEW.

Dow. How! scavenger? stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Down-right.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you,
brother,

Good faith you shall not; I will overrule you. 140

Dow. Ha! scavenger? well, go to, I say little;
but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear),
if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow. 'Sdeins,
an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight
of Fleet-street again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn with
madge-howlet, and catch mice, first. Scavenger?
'heart!—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop

of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck : your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so. 149

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus ; never think on 't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these ! these are his cam'rades, his walking mates ! he 's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut ! Let me not live, an I could not find in my heart so swinge the whole ging of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said, he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet, he shall hear on 't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then, 160
Run in an easy current, not o'er-high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler ;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim ;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*

Kit. How now ! Oh, the bell rings to breakfast.
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife
Company, till I come ; I 'll but give order 170
For some despatch of business to my servants.

[*Exit DOWN-RIGHT.*

COB passes with his tankard.

Kit. What, Cob ! our maids will have you by the
back, i' faith,
For coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir. [*Exit.*

Kit. Well, yet my troubled spirit 's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security,
As I could wish : but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on 't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Well-bred had ne'er lodged within my house.

Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort 180
 Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
 That any woman should be honest long.
 Is 't like, that factious beauty will preserve
 The public weal of chastity, unshaken,
 When such strong motives muster, and make head
 Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
 And spirits of one kind, and quality
 Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
 It is no slow conspiracy that follows. 190
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought, the time
 Had answered their affections: all the world
 Should not persuade me, but I were a cuckold.
 Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
 For opportunity hath balked 'hem yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes, and ears
 To attend the impositions of my heart.
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea, every look, or glance mine eye ejects, 200
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY and BRIDGET.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the
 rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit BRIDGET.*]

—Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By Heaven, I would not for a thousand angels!

Dame K. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not
 well? speak, good muss. 210

Kit. Troth my head aches extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*Putting her hand to his forehead.*] Oh, the
 lord!

Kit. How now? What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns ! Muss, keep you warm ; good truth, it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweet-heart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers !
A new disease, and many troubled with it ! 220
Why true ; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in ; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. " The air ! " she has me i' the wind !—Sweet-heart !

I'll come to you presently ; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [Exit.

Kit. A new disease ? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be called poor mortals' plague ;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First, it begins 230
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment : and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory ;
Still each to other giving the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapour, spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought, or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah ! but what misery is it to know this ? 240
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection,
In such extremes ? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Moorfields.*

Enter BRAIN-WORM like a maimed soldier.

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator ; for

now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace : and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us : so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London, this morning ; now I, knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my—young master ! and his cousin, Master Stephen, as I am a true counterfeited man of war, and no soldier ! 24

Enter E. KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.

E. Kn. So sir, and how then, coz ?

Step. 'Sfoot ! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Kn. How ! lost your purse ? where ? when had you it ?

Step. I cannot tell ;—stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am feared they will know me, would I could get by them !

E. Kn. What ? ha' you it ?

Step. No ; I think I was bewitched, I—— [*Cries.*

E. Kn. Nay, do not weep the loss ; hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here : No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Kn. A jet ring ! O the posy, the posy ? 37

Step. Fine, i' faith.—

*Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.*

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kn. Most excellent !

Step. And then I sent her another, and my posy was,

*The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judged by St. Peter.*

E. Kn. How, by St. Peter ? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre. 48

E. Kn. Well, there, the saint was your good patron, he helped you at your need : thank him, thank him.

Brai. [*Aside.*] I cannot take leave on 'hem so ; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes forward.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here ? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier ; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge ; but now it is the humour of necessity, to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else should I rather die with silence, than live with shame : however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself ; this condition agrees not with my spirit——

61

E. Kn. Where hast thou served ?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir ? I have been a poor servitor, by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna ; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic Gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gallies thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs ; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

74

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince, in Europe.

E. Kn. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as 'tis, an you would give me an angel. 86

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir: nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard: but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt—

E. Kn. Come, come, you shall not buy it;—hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow. I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money! 97

E. Kn. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to 't, because 'tis a field rapier.—Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kn. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kn. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me, for your money. 108

Brai. At your service, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Another part of Moorfields.**Enter KNO'WELL.*

Kno'. I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my son ; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and uttered it,
On a gray head ; age was authority
Against a buffoon ; and a man had then,
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life : so much 10
The sanctity of some prevailed for others.
But now, we all are fallen ; youth, from their fear ;
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, e'en parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children ;
Or they not learned our vices, in their cradles,
And sucked in our ill customs, with their milk ;
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning ! the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests ! 20
A witty child ! can't swear ? the father's darling !
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than 't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it !
But this is in the infancy ; the days
Of the long coat : when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already !
No, no ; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin ; it stains into the liver,
And heart, in some ; and, rather than it should not,
Note, what we fathers do ! look, how we live ! 31
What mistresses we keep ! at what expense !

In our sons' eyes ! where they may handle our gifts,
 Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
 Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
 To ruin of our states ! Nay, when our own
 Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
 We call them into fellowship of vice !
 And teach 'hem all bad ways to buy affliction.
 This is one path, but there are millions more, 40
 In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
 Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
 That travelled with my son, before sixteen,
 To show him—the Venetian courtezans ;
 Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
 To my sharp boy, at twelve ; repeating still
 The rule, " Get money ; still, get money, boy ;
 No matter by what means ; money will do
 More, boy, than my lord's letter." Neither have I
 Dressed snails, or mushrooms curiously before him, 50
 Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem ;
 Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
 At all the ordinaries, and only feared
 His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers, now ; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 None of these household precedents, which are strong,
 And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
 But, let the house at home be ne'er so clean-
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
 If he will live abroad with his companions, 61
 In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear :
 Nor is the danger of conversing less
 Than all that I have mentioned of example.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, disguised as before.

Brai. [Aside.] My master ! nay, faith, have at you ;
 I am fleshed now, I have sped so well.—Worshipful
 sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier ;

I am ashamed of this base course of life—God's my comfort—but extremity provokes me to 't; what remedy? 70

Kno'. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno'. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the King of Heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship.—— 81

Kno'. Nay, an you be so importunate——

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus—[Weeps.] Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honour—— 92

Kno'. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses 100
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung she breeds in ;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should 110
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other
course, if so——

Kno'. Ay,
You 'ld gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek ? in the
wars, there 's no ascent by desert in these days ; but—
and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as
wished for ! the air 's my comfort !—[Sighs.]—I know
what I would say—— 122

Kno'. What 's thy name ?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Kno'. Fitz-Sword !

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true ?

Brai. Sir, by the place, and honour of a soldier——

Kno'. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths ;
Speak plainly, man ; what think'st thou of my words ?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as
happy, as my service should be honest. 132

Kno'. Well, follow me ; I 'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [Exit.

Brai. Yes, sir, straight : I 'll but garter my hose.
O that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to
burst with laughing ! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller.
'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself
thus ! now shall I be possessed of all his counsels ; and,
by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved
to prove my honesty ; faith, and I 'm resolved to prove
his patience : oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This
small piece of service will bring him clean out of love

with the soldier, for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey! well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

[Exit. 151

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, and BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you, too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Down-right?

Bob. He! Master Well-bred; I know not in what kind you hold him, but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard, upon such a——

10

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part——

Wel. Good captain, "faces about" to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

21

Wel. Oh, Master Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question you do, or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Kn. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter! 33

Wel. Why, was 't not rare?

E. Kn. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty o' reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles, and I'll have my judgment burned in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it! 41

Wel. Why?

E. Kn. "Why," say'st thou? dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope?

E. Kn. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on 't, now; but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, some hour before I saw 't. 51

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Kn. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company. 59

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly ; but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here ; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem, if thou hear'st 'hem once go ; my wind-instruments ; I 'll wind 'hem up—— But what strange piece of silence is this ? the sign of the Dumb Man ?

E. Kn. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please ; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is 't, what is 't ? 70

E. Kn. Nay, I 'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension : I 'll leave him to the mercy o' your search ; if you can take him, so !

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Matthew, 'pray you know this gentleman here ; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection.—[To STEPHEN.] I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you. 79

Step. My name is Master Stephen, sir ; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir ; his father is mine uncle, sir : I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man ; but for Master Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts ; I love few words.

E. Kn. And I fewer, sir ; I have scarce enow to thank you. 91

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it ?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir ! your

true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Kn. [*Aside.*] Sure he utters them then by the gross. 100

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things, out of measure.

E. Kn. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'hem, when you see them. 111

Wel. [*Aside.*] Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kn. Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill; why muse you so?

E. Kn. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now. 121

E. Kn. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it, last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier. 132

Step. 'So ! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman !

E. Kn. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems ; at Strigonium ? and " What-do-you-call 't " ?

Bob. O Lord, sir ! by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach ; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kn. 'Twas pity you had not ten ; [*Aside.*] a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible ? 141

Mat. 'Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kn. [*Aside.*] You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me, judicially, sweet sir ; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach ; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire ; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword. 156

Wel. To the sword ! to the rapier, captain.

E. Kn. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir :—but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade ?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth : you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir ? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana or so ; tut ! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem : I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintain it.

Step. I mar'le whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his, here. 170

Mat. 'Pray you, let 's see, sir ; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo ! Pish !

Step. Why do you pish, captain ?

Bob. A Fleming, by Heaven ! I 'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kn. How say you, cousin ? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Master Stephen ?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier—a hundred of lice go with him—he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better. 180

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on 't better.

E. Kn. Nay, the longer you look on 't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up ; but by—— I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him——

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir ; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal ! I could eat the very hilts for anger. 191

E. Kn. A sign of good digestion ! you have an ostrich-stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach ? would I had him here, you should see, an I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go ?

Enter BRAIN-WORM disguised as before.

E. Kn. A miracle, cousin ; look here, look here !

Step. Oh—od's lid ! By your leave, do you know me, sir ? 200

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it ; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confessed it :—Od's will, an you had not confessed it—

210

E. Kn. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear !

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman ; he has confessed it, what would you more ?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Kn. Ay, "by his leave," he is, and "under favour : " a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him : I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum ; for every one may play upon him. 222

E. Kn. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?

[*They move apart.*]

E. Kn. With me, sir ? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you ?

Brai. You are conceited, sir : Your name is Master Kno'well, as I take it ?

E. Kn. You are i' the right ; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you ? 230

Brai. No, sir ; I am none of that coat.

E. Kn. Of as bare a coat, though : well, say sir.

Brai. Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brain-worm.

E. Kn. Brain-worm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

Brai. The breath o' the letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you. 242

E. Kn. My father?

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Kn. Sirrah Well-bred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over, after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Brai. At Justice Clement's house here, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return; and then——

Wel. Who's this? Brain-worm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus? 255

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But, art thou sure, he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brain-worm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en pressed to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen! 268

Brai. Amen, Amen, Amen, say I. [Exeunt

SCENE II. KITELY'S warehouse.

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half-hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well ; fetch me my cloak, my cloak !—

[*Exit CASH.*

Stay, let me see, an hour, to go and come ;
 Ay, that will be the least ; and then 'twill be
 An hour before I can despatch with him,
 Or very near : well, I will say two hours.
 Two hours ? ha ! things never dreamt of yet, 10
 May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
 In two hours' absence ; well, I will not go.
 Two hours ! No, fleeing Opportunity,
 I will not give your subtlety that scope.
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robbed,
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
 And shows the felon, where his treasure lies ?
 Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
 When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes ? 20
 I will not go.

Re-enter CASH with a cloak.

Business, "go by" for once.
 No, beauty, no ; you are of too good caract,
 To be left so, without a guard, or open !
 Your lustre too, 'll inflame, at any distance,
 Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws ;
 Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
 Nay, make a porter leap you, with his burden.
 You must be then kept up, close, and well watched,
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
 Devours, or swallows swifter ! He that lends 30
 His wife—if she be fair—or time, or place,
 Compels her to be false. I will not go.
 The dangers are too many.—And then the dressing
 Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads,
 Within the city, never were in safety,
 Since our wives wore these little caps ; I 'll change 'hem ;

I'll change 'hem straight, in mine : mine shall no more
Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ache.
Nor will I go. I am resolved for that.
Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too : 40
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with
th' bonds.

Kit. That's true ! fool on me ! I had clean forgot it ;
I must go. What's a-clock ?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here, too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands, 50
Filling up time ; but then are turned, and turned :
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.—It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas !

Cash. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.—
Thomas, is Cob within ?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him ; there is all the doubt. 60
But, should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange !
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change ! what should I fear then ?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune, once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
Your love to me is more——

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be called love, you are
More than in hope, you are possessed of it.

Kit. I thank you, heartily, Thomas : gi' me your hand : 70

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas, A secret to impart, unto you—but, When once you have it, I must seal your lips up : So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that——

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you, Thomas, When I will let you in, thus, to my private. It is a thing sits nearer to my crest, Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas. If thou should'st Reveal it, but——

Cash. How ! I reveal it ?

Kit. Nay,

I do not think thou would'st ; but if thou should'st : 'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery : 81
Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do 't, then ?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever !

Kit. [*Aside.*] He will not swear, he has some reservation,

Some concealed purpose, and close meaning, sure ; Else, being urged so much, how should he choose But lend an oath to all this protestation ?

He's no precisian, that I am certain of, Nor rigid Roman Catholic. He'll play At fayles and tick-tack ; I have heard him swear. 90

What should I think of it ? urge him again, And by some other way ? I will do so.— Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose :— Yes, you did swear ?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will, Please you——

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word, But ; if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think'st good ; I am resolved without it ;—at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,

My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Delivered me in nature of your trust. 100

Kit. It's too much ; these ceremonies need not :
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near ; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,—
[*Aside.*] Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture.—
I have of late, by divers observations—

[*Aside.*] But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully ? ha ?—say you ?—

[*Aside.*] I will ask counsel, ere I do proceed—
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay, 110
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kit. I will think :—and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me, and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kit. And, hear you, if your mistress' brother,
Well-bred,

Chance to bring hither any gentleman,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear ?
Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way. 120

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kit. I pray you have a care on 't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kit. Be 't your special business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.

Cash. No, sir ; I do suppose it.

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Cash.

Sir, I do believe you.

Kit. By Heaven it is not, that 's enough. But,
Thomas,I would not, you should utter it, do you see, 130
To any creature living, yet; I care not.Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant

So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,

But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,

Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here.

No greater hell than to be slave to fear. *[Exit.**Cash.* "Locked up in silence, midnight, buried
here!"Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head?
ha? 140

Best dream no longer of this running humour,

For fear I sink! the violence of the stream

Already hath transported me so far,

That I can feel no ground at all! but soft—

Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat has crossed
him now.*Enter COB hastily.**Cob.* Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-
days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for
me! They say the whole world shall be consumed with
fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and
villainous Fridays burnt in the meantime, and then——*Cash.* Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to
this choler, ha? 152*Cob.* Collar, Master Thomas! I scorn your collar.
I, sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and
draw water. An you offer to ride me, with your collar,
or halter either, I may hap show you a jade's trick, sir.*Cash.* O, you'll slip your head out of the collar?
why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir. 160

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob? thy humour, thy humour—thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry, I'll tell thee, Cob; it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing, if it be not fed. Did'st thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, "Feed my humour." 171

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! Let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days, too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me—by this light, one might have done the common-wealth good service, and have drowned them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an't were for Sir Bevis his horse, against 'hem. 182

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'hem, I think: their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they ravin up more butter than all the days of the week beside: next, they stink of fish, and leek-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry, all day, and at night send him supperless to bed. 192

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to

wrack ; poor cobs ! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion : and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own fish and blood. My princely coz, [*Pulls out a red herring.*] fear nothing ; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as King Cophetua. Oh, that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin. But I may curse none but these filthy almanacs ; for an 't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hanged, an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'hem, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

211

Cash. 'Slight peace ! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else ; here's Master Matthew. [*Aside.*] Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

[*Exit with COB.*]

Enter WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, BRAIN-WORM, MATTHEW, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried !

E. Kn. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not ?

Wel. Yes, faith ; but was 't possible thou shouldst not know him ? I forgive Master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

221

E. Kn. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been joined patten with one of the Seven Wise Masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round ; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can ; and have translated begging, out of the old hackney

pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all, with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment. 238

Wel. Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kn. An artificer? an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold, for "A crafty knave needs no broker." 249

Brai. True, sir; but I did "need a broker," ergo—

Wel. Well put off;—"no crafty knave," you'll say.

E. Kn. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one, the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found, now? what a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? is my brother Kately within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but Master Down-right is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too? 261

Wel. Whither went your master? Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir—Cob! *[Exit.]*

E. Kn. Justice Clement ! what 's he ?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him ? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar ; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you, the other day.

E. Kn. Oh, is that he ? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks ; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men : I have heard many of his jests i' the University. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse. 276

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak of one shoulder, or serving of God ; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

CASH goes in and out, calling.

Cash. Gasper !—Martin !—Cob ! 'Heart, where should they be, trow ?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match ! no time but now to " vouchsafe " ?—Francis !—Cob ! [Exit.

Bob. Body o me ! here 's the remainder of seven pound, since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado ! did you never take any, Master Stephen ?

Step. No, truly, sir ; but I 'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so. 291

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only : therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine ! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most

deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease, as I speak. And for your green wound, your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your Trinidado ; your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind ; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much, by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign, and precious weed, that ever the earth tendered to the use of man. 312

E. Kn. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH with COB.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman Street.

Cob. Oh, ho !

Bob. Where 's the match I gave thee, Master Kitley's man ?

Cash. [*Aside.*] Would this match, and he, and pipe, and all, were at Sancto Domingo ! I had forgot it.

[*Exit.*]

Cob. By Gods me, I mar'le what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco ! it 's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers ; there were four died out of one house, last week, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-night ; one of them, they say, will ne'er scape it : he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward, and downward. By the stocks, and there were no wiser men than I, I 'ld have it present whipping, man, or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe : why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it ; it 's little better than ratsbane or rosaker. 333

[*BOBADILL beats him.*]

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur? 340

E. Kn. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?—Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away. [*Exit CASH with COB.*]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabbed him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! "By Pharaoh's foot!"—"Body o' Cæsar!" I shall never do it, sure. "Upon mine honour, and by St. George!"—No, I ha' not the right grace. 353

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. [*Practising to the post.*] "By this air!"—"As I am a gentleman!" "By——"

Brai. [*Pointing to STEPHEN.*] Master, glance, glance!—Master Well-bred! [*Exeunt BOBADILL and MATTHEW.*]

Step. "As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest——"

Wel. [*Aside.*] You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Kn. Cousin, will you any tobacco? 364

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation——

E. Kn. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed——

Wel. No, Master Stephen? As I remember your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, "as I am a soldier" by that?

E. Kn. O yes, that you may: it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!" 376

Wel. But soft, where's Master Matthew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir, they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished.—Brain-worm!

Step. Brain-worm? Where? Is this Brain-worm?

E. Kn. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body o' me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths. 389

E. Kn. 'Tis larded with 'hem; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A room in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S house.*

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Well-bred——

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two;—mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them, at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm !
 Spite of the devil, how they sting my head 10
 With forked stings, thus wide and large !——But, Cob,
 How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob ?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running ?

Cob. No, sir,

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste !
 Bane to my fortunes ; what meant I to marry ?
 I, that before was ranked in such content,
 My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
 Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
 And now become a slave ? What ? never sigh,
 Be of good cheer, man ; for thou art a cuckold, 20
 'Tis done, 'tis done ! nay, when such flowing store,
 Plenty itself, falls in my wife's lap,
 The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know.——But, Cob,
 What entertainment had they ? I am sure
 My sister and my wife would bid them welcome : ha ?
Cob. Like enough, sir ; yet I heard not a word
 of it.

Kit. No ; their lips were sealed with kisses, and the
 voice
 Drowned in a flood of joy, at their arrival,
 Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.—— 30
Cob. which of them was 't that first kissed my wife ?
 My sister, I should say ; my wife, alas !

I fear not her : ha ? who was it, say'st thou ?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it ?

Kit. Oh ay, good Cob, I pray thee, heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell
 than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be
 kissed, unless they would have kissed the post, in the
 middle of the warehouse ; for there I left them all, at
 their tobacco, with a pox ! 40

Kit. How ? were they not gone in, then, ere thou
 cam'st ?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?
Cob. follow me. *[Exit.*

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: oh, for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have grieved me, but being my guest, one, that I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawned her neckkerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for 't: here comes Justice Clement. 58

Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, and FORMAL.

Clem. What's Master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart of me! what made him leave us so abruptly?—How now, sirrah? what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's——

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there, any time this eighteen years. 70

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! what business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come, to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave? Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir, but your worship's warrant for one that has wronged me, sir; his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for 't, I 'm sure.

Kno'. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend? 86

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may swear, by the law of the land, that he killed me.

Clem. How? how, knave? swear he killed thee? and by the law? What pretence? what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an 't please your worship, both black, and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here, to show your worship.

Clem. What is he, that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman, and a soldier, he says, he is, o' the city here. 99

Clem. A soldier o' the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'hem when they were taking on 't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name. 110

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob, he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement says, you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear Master Justice!

Clem. Nay God's precious! an such drunkards, and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: Away with him! 120

Cob. O, good Master Justice! [*To KNO'WELL.*] Sweet old gentleman!

Kno'. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good!—Justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What? a thread-bare rascal! a beggar! a slave that never drunk out of better than pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers!—Roger, away with him! By God's precious—I say, go to. 131

Cob. Dear Master Justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

Kno'. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant; he shall not go, I but fear the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go, my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exeunt FORMAL with COB.*] How now, Master Kno'well, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not. 144

Kno'. Sir, would I could not feel my cares——

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all

in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it : I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in KITELY'S House.*

Enter DOWN-RIGHT and DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true ; and you 'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do ? I cannot help it ; you see my brother brings 'hem in here ; they are his friends.

Down. His friends ? his fiends. 'Slud ! they do nothing but haunt him, up and down like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'hem : an 'twere not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I 'ld make the house too hot for the best on 'hem : they should say and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours ; for an you had done, as you might have done, they should have been perboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'hem. 18

Dame K. God's my life ! did you ever hear the like ? what a strange man is this ! Could I keep out all them, think you ? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I ? Good faith, you 'ld mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason !

Enter MISTRESS BRIDGET, with MASTER MATTHEW, and BODABILL ; followed at a distance, by WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, STEPHEN, and BRAIN-WORM.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal.
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject, as my worth!

Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff! 29

Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get
him to read! He should do it, of his own natural impu-
dency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elgy, an elgy, an odd toy——

Down. To mock an ape withal! O, I could sew up
his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant. 40

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure
the stocks better. [*Exit.*

E. Kn. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his
water, at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or
a bag-pipe. But mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how
it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman
has judgment, he knows how to censure of a——pray
you, sir, you can judge. 50

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the
foot of Pharaoh.

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Kn. Not I, so long as he does not forswear him-
self.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation
of your dear mistress and her fair sister: fie! while
you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce*.

E. Kn. How! *insipere dulce*? a sweet thing to be
a fool, indeed! 61

Wel. What, do you take *insipere* in that sense?

E. Kn. You do not? you? This was your villany, to gull him with a motte.

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: "*pauca verba, pauca verba!*"

Mat. [*Reads.*] *Rare creature, let me speak without offence.*

*Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.* 70

E. Kn. This is in 'Hero and Leander.'

Wel. O, ay! peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. *Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.*

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[STEPHEN shakes his head.]

E. Kn. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
*And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.* 80

E. Kn. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Kn. A filching rogue, hang him!—and from the dead! it's worse than sacrilege.

WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, and STEPHEN, come forward.

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? 'pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'hem *extempore* this morning. 91

Wel. How? *extempore*?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the—pox on it!—the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart, to curse the stars so ?

E. Kn. Faith, his are even with him ; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses ?

E. Kn. O, admirable ! the best that ever I heard,
COZ. 100

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable !
The best that ever I heard, as I 'm a soldier !

Re-enter DOWN-RIGHT.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still !
Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums, and devices : you may see what it is, to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned, over head and ears, in the deep well of desire. Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too. 112

Down. Oh monster ! impudence itself ! tricks !

Dame K. Tricks, brother ? what tricks ?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks ?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here ; but say, what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart ! do tricks !

Wel. 'Slight, here 's a trick vied and revied !
Why, you monkeys, you ? what a cater-wauling do you keep ! has he not given you rhymes, and verses, and tricks ? 122

Down. O, the fiend !

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant, you 'll be begged else shortly for a concealment : go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling, in conscience, for the book he had it

out of, cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants? Master Matthew? Captain? What, all sons of silence? no spirit? 131

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions? 140

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither, your hangbys here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your soldados, and foolados to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. —Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do: cut off his ears? cut a whetstone! You are an ass, do you see! touch any man here, and, by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you. 152

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw.*]

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH and some of the house to part them.

E. Kn. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! —Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. [*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coystril! 163

Enter KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now? what's the matter, what 's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he? Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, Thomas? where is this knave?

Cash. Here, Sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. 171

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [*Exeunt all but those of the house.*]

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here, to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'hem ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and "Songs and Sonnets," his fellow. 180

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden, in your humour: and you know My brother Well-bred's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace he should receive Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

Down. Respect! what talk you of respect 'mong such,

As ha' no spark of manhood, nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect! [*Exit.*]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, 190 And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!

You'd pay my portion, sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seemed to be a gentleman of an

exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.

[*Exeunt* Dame KITELY and BRIDGET.

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion!

"Fair disposition!" "excellent good parts!"

Death! these phrases are intolerable.

200

"Good parts!" how should she know his parts?

His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear:—Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Cash.

Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so,
Thomas?

210

Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; I'll go and search: go with me, Thomas:
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Lane before COB's House.*

Enter COB.

Cob. [*Knocking.*] What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. [*Within.*] How now, what cuckold is that
knocks so hard? [*TIB enters.*] O, husband! is't you?
What's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunned me, i' faith! you ha'
given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me.
Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that
knocked? Come, come, you may call me as bad,
when you list.

10

Cob. May I?—Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie? and in my throat too! do you long to be stabbed, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow? 20

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white, [*Shows the warrant.*] for his black, and blue, shall pay him. O, the Justice! the honestest old brave Trojan in London! I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you, let nobody in to you, wife, nobody in, to you; those are my words. Not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend, in his likeness; you are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you, to be tempted; therefore, keep the door, shut, upon all comers. 35

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here, without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib, and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, "sweet."

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. 44
Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, and BRAIN-WORM, disguised as before.

E. Kn. Well, Brain-worm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties. But, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing: I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [Exit 10

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brain-worm.—Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kn. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but tell me, ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

E. Kn. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty: and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her. 23

E. Kn. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no?

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kn. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand, thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Kn. Hold, hold, be temperate. 32

Wel. Why, by ——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am——.

E. Kn. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Old Jewry.*

Enter FORMAL and KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. Ay, a knave, I took him begging o' the way, This morning, as I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, disguised as before.

O, here he is! You 've made fair speed, believe me: Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno'. How so?

Brai. O, sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself!

Kno. How should that be! unless that villain, Brain-worm,

13

Have told him of the letter, and discovered All that I strictly charged him to conceal? 'Tis so.

Brai. I am, partly, o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.

Kno'. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno'. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied Into such hellish practice: if it were,

I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.

But, where did'st thou find them, Fitz-Sword ? 24

Brai. You should rather ask, where they found me, sir ; for I 'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, " Master Know'ell's man ! " another cries " Soldier ! " and thus half a dozen of them, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seemed men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'hem ; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what ; which when they could not get out of me, (as, I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'hem,) they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there was a great many rich merchants, and brave citizens' wives with 'hem at a feast, and your son, Master Edward, withdrew with one of 'hem, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not. 48

Kno'. Nor, will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou, along with Justice Clement's man.

And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou ?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit KNO'WELL.*] Yes !—invisible ! Much wench, or much son ! 'Slight, when he has staid there, three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air ! Oh, the sport that I should then take, to look on him, if I durst ! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him, in this shape : I

have another trick, to act yet. O, that I were so happy, as to light on a nupson, now, of this justice's novice! —Sir, I make you stay somewhat long. 62

Form. Not a whit, sir. 'Pray you, what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers——

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss; and expense of all, almost——

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Brai. O, sir——

Form. But, to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end. 75

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: [*Aside.*] and more too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you, to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; [*Aside.*] and make grist o' you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Moorfields.

Enter MATTHEW, E. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Master Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Kn. We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me, he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention, this morning, for that :—You shall kill him, beyond question ; if you be so generously minded. 10

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy ! O, it must be done like lightning, hay ! [*Practises at a post.*

Mat. Rare captain !

Bob. Tut ! 'tis nothing, an 't be not done in a—*punto.*

E. Kn. Captain, did you ever prove yourself, upon any of our masters of defence here ?

Mat. O, good sir ! yes, I hope, he has. 19

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travail for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'hem to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to entreat my presence at their schools, and withal so much importuned me, that—I protest to you, as I am a gentleman—I was ashamed of their rude demeanour, out of all measure : well, I told 'hem, that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour ; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth. 32

E. Kn. So, sir, then you tried their skill ?

Bob. Alas, soon tried ! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came ; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchased 'hem since, a credit to admiration ! they cannot deny this : and yet now, they hate me, and why ? because I am excellent ! and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kn. This is strange, and barbarous ! as ever I heard ! 43

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous

natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone, in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, White-chapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters ; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my Ordinary : where I have driven them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen ; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill, a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'hem : yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes. 59

E. Kn. Ay, believe me, may you, sir : and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no ! what 's a peculiar man to a nation ? not seen.

E. Kn. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss ; but who respects it ? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal ; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself. But, were I known to her Majesty and the Lords,—observe me,—I would undertake—upon this poor head, and life—for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ? 75

E. Kn. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong, and able constitution ; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have ; and I would teach these nineteen, the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your

imbroccata, your passada, your montanto ; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not, in their honour, refuse us ; well, we would kill them ; challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them too ; and thus, would we kill, every man, his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a day, five days a thousand ; forty thousand ; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up, by computation. And this, will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform (provided there be no treason practised upon us) by fair, and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword. 98

E. Kn. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times ?

Bob. Tut ! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kn. I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me ! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him ! let this gentleman do his mind ; but, I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, where-ever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

III

E. Kn. Gods so, look where he is ! yonder he goes.

[DOWN-RIGHT *walks over the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals ?

Bob. It's not he, is it ?

E. Kn. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

E. Kn. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he. 120

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so : but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he, yet.

E. Kn. That I think, sir. [*Re-enter DOWN-RIGHT.*
But see, he is come again.

Down. O, "Pharaoh's foot," have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools : draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Down. Draw your weapon then. 130

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it, till now, body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down. 'Sdeath ! you will not draw then ?

[*Beats and disarms him.* MATTHEW runs away.

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear !

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you ! You 'll control the point, you ! Your consort is gone ? had he stayed he had shared with you, sir.
[*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day. 141

E. Kn. No faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other : but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself : that 'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven ! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon. 149

E. Kn. Ay, like enough ; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet : go, get you to a surgeon. [*Exit BOBADILL.*] 'Slid ! an these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantos, I'll none of them. O, manners ! that this age should bring forth such

creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'hem! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I 'll ha' this cloak.

E. Kn. Gods will, 'tis Down-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en 't up as well as I: I 'll wear it, so I will. [yourself.

E. Kn. How, an he see it? he 'll challenge it, assure

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it; I 'll say I bought it.

E. Kn. Take heed, you buy it not too dear, coz. 163
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Room in KITELY'S House.*

Enter KITELY, WELL-BRED, Dame KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,

T 'incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch, to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance, or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you, since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man, till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself, as it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man, unless he fight? For indeed, all this, my wise brother stands upon, absolutely; and that made me fall in with him, so resolutely. 14

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears, be poisoned, for any thing he knows: or the wholesome wine he drunk, even now, at the table——

Kit. Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember,
My wife drunk to me last; and changed the cup;
And bade me wear this cursèd suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscovered!
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me. 27

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poisoned him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Well-
bred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poisoned with a
simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange, and idle imag-
ination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul,
there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I, then, not poisoned?
Am I not poisoned? how am I, then, so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make
you sick. 40

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, in FORMAL'S clothes.

Brai. Master Kitely, my master. Justice Clement
salutes you; and desires to speak with you, with all
possible speed.

Kit. No time but now? when, I think, I am sick?
very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship.—Thomas?
Cob? I must seek them out, and set 'hem sentinels till
I return.—Thomas? Cob? Thomas? [Exit.

Wel. [Takes him aside.] This is perfectly rare,
Brain-worm! but how got'st thou this apparel of the
justice's man? 51

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would

needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse ; where so I marshalled him that I made him drunk, with admiration ! and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit, to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him, till my return ; which shall be, when I ha' pawned his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brain-worm ; his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me, and my sister Bridget, at the Tower instantly ; for, here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say ; and, than the Tower, I know no better air ; nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [Exit BRAIN-WORM. 71

Re-enter KITELY, with CASH.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret 's ripe,
And thou shalt have it : lay to both thine ears.
Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas :
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence, to thy mistress :
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'hem, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after ; mark their looks ; 80
Note, if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him ;
But praise his leg ; or foot ; or if she say,
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is : oh, that 's a monstrous thing !
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,

And, if they do but whisper, break 'hem off :
I 'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this ?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas ?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee :—where is Cob, now ?

Cob ? [*Exit.* 90

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob ! I wonder how he employs Cob so !

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in : but this, I 'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes, your husband haunts her house ; marry, to what end ? I cannot altogether accuse him ; imagine what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister. 100

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak, and go with me. [*Exit CASH.*] I 'll after him presently : I would to fortune, I could take him there, i' faith, I 'ld return him his own, I warrant him !
[*Exit.*

Wel. So, let 'hem go ; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were, to be fair and beautiful.

Erid. That touches not me, brother. 109

Wel. That's true ; that's even the fault of it : for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching. But sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties ; and I am sure they will abide the touch ; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I ! and it touches me too in part, though not in the—— Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is

the man, sister. There 's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband ; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister ? On my soul, he loves you. Will you give him the meeting ? 126

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man : but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What 's that, sister ?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us !

Re-enter KITELY.

Kit. What villainy is this ? called out on a false message ?

This was some plot ! I was not sent for.—Bridget, 136
Where 's your sister ?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How ! is my wife gone forth ? whither, for God's sake ?

Brid. She 's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas ! oh, that villain dours me : He hath discovered all unto my wife !
Beast that I was, to trust him ! whither, I pray you, Went she ?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I 'll tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she 's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother ?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe : but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will : to Cob's house ? doth she haunt Cob's ? 146

She 's gone a purpose now, to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all.

[*Exit.*

Wel. Come, he is once more gone,
Sister, let 's lose no time ; the affair is worth it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A Street.*

Enter MATTHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away ? ha ?

Bob. Why, what should they say ? but as of a discreet gentleman ! quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments : and that 's all.

Mat. Why, so ! but what can they say of your beating ?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently ; and that 's all. 10

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice ? as you say ?

Bob. Tut ! I assure you, no : you shall have there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentilezza*, come in bravely upon your "reverse," stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your "retricato" with his left leg, come to the "assalto" with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood ! But, wherefore do I awake this remembrance ? I was fascinated, by Jupiter ; fascinated : but I will be unwitched, and revenged, by law. 20

Mat. Do you hear ? is 't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement ?

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it !

Enter BRAIN-WORM as FORMAL.

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let 's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. 'Save you, sir !

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Down-right hath abused this gentleman, and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law ; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir. 33

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living ; such favours, as these, gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir ?

Brai. Faith sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account ; yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels, in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not. 42

Mat. How shall we do, captain ? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money ?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and radish : let 's fine him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn ? we have none to the value of his demand. 50

Mat. O, yes. I 'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk-stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be missed : it must be done, now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy : I 'll step aside and pull 'hem off. [Withdraws.]

Mat. Do you hear, sir ? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns ; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk-stockings ; because we would have it dispatched, ere we went to our chambers. 60

Brai. I am content, sir ; It will get you the warrant presently, what 's his name, say you ? Down-right ?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Down-right.

Brai. What manner of man is he ?

Mat. A tall big man, sir ; he goes in a cloak most commonly, of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Scene VIII] EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR 111

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here 's my jewel.

Bob. [*Returning.*] And, here are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but, who will you have to serve it? 70

Mat. That's true, captain: that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'tis service of danger!

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the city, a serjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt BOBADILL and MATTHEW.*]

Brai. This is rare! Now, will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Down-right, for the arrest. [*Exit.* 81

SCENE VIII. *The Lane before COB's House.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno'. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho! who is within here? [*Knocking.*]

Tib. [*Within.*] I am within, sir; what 's your pleasure?

Kno'. To know, who is within, besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno'. O! fear you the constable! then I doubt not, You have some guests within, deserve that fear.

I'll fetch him straight. [*TIB enters.*]

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Kno'. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well? I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty. 11

Kno'. Your honesty ? dame, it flies too lightly from you :

There is no way, but, fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable ? the man is mad, I think.

[Claps to the door.

Enter DAME KITELY and CASH.

Cash. Ho ! who keeps house, here ?

Kno'. O, this 's the female copesmate of my son :

Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife ? [TIB re-enters.

Tib. Why, what 's the matter with you ?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door ?

Belike you get something to keep it shut. 20

Tib. What mean these questions, 'pray ye ?

Dame K. So strange you make it ! Is not my husband here ?

Kno'. Her husband !

Dame K. My tried husband, Master Kitley ?

Tib. I hope, he needs not to be tried, here.

Dame K. No, dame ; he does it not for need, but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here.

Kno'. This is but a device to baulk me withal.

Enter KITELY, muffled in his cloak.

Soft, who is this ? 'Tis not my son disguised ?

Dame K. [Spies her husband, and runs to him.]

O, sir, have I forestalled your honest market ?

Found your close walks ? you stand amazed now, do you ? 30

I' faith, I'm glad I have smoked you yet at last.

What is your jewel, trow ? In : come, let 's see her ;—

Fetch forth your housewife, dame ;—if she be fairer,

In any honest judgment, than myself,

I 'll be content with it : but, she is change,
 She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
 And you are well ! your wife, an honest woman,
 Is meat twice sod to you, sir ! O, you traitor !

Kno'. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence !
 Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts ? and have I taken
 Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion, 42
 This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
 Close at your villany, and wouldst thou 'scuse it
 With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me ?——
 O, old incontinent, [*To KNO'WELL.*] dost not thou shame,
 When all thy powers in chastity is spent,
 To have a mind so hot ? and to entice,
 And feed the enticements of a lustful woman ?

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch !

Kit. Defy me, strumpet ? Ask thy pander here,
 Can he deny it ? or that wicked elder ? 52

Kno'. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut ; never speak.
 Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Kno'. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man ?

Kit. Well, good wife B A D, Cob's wife, and you,
 That make your husband such a hoddie-doddy ;—
 And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker ;
 I 'll ha' you every one before a justice :
 Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go. 60

Kno'. Marry, with all my heart, sir : I go willingly ;
 Though I do taste this as a trick, put on me,
 To punish my impertinent search ; and justly :
 And half forgive my son, for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go ?

Dame K. Go ? to thy shame believe it.

Enter COB.

Cob. Why, what 's the matter here, what 's here to
 do ?

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come ? I have been abused,
And i' thy house : never was man so wronged !

Cob. 'Slid, in my house ? My master Kately ?
Who wrongs you in my house ? 70

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young, here :
Thy wife 's their bawd, here have I taken 'hem.

Cob. How ? bawd ? is my house come to that ?
Am I preferred thither ? [*Beats his wife.*] Did I
charge you to keep your doors shut, Isbel ? and do you
let 'hem lie open for all comers ?

Kno'. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st
thy wife,
This 's madness in thee.

Cob. Why ? is there no cause ?

Kit. Yes, I 'll show cause before the justice, Cob :
Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go. 80

Tib. Nay, I will go. I 'll see an you may be allowed
to make a bundle o' hemp o' your right and lawful wife
thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do
you not go ?

Kit. A bitter quean ! Come, we 'll ha' you tamed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. A Street.

Enter BRAIN-WORM as a City Serjeant.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most
like myself ; being in this serjeant's gown. A man, of
my present profession, never counterfeits, till he lays
hold upon a debtor, and says, he 'rests him ; for then
he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little
kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made
like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and
salt, in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo
by this exploit, 'pray Heaven I come well off !

Enter MATTHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him. 11

Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here, by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an 't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be served on one Down-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him, quickly, afore he be aware. 20

Bob. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Enter STEPHEN in DOWN-RIGHT's cloak.

Brai. Master Down-right, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no Down-right, I. I am Master Stephen, you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly: I am in nobody's bonds, nor books, I, would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen! 30

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a' comes indeed! this is he, officer.

Enter DOWN-RIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, Signior gull! are you turned filcher of late? come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir? I bought it, even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Down-right, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down These gentlemen? these rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you, in her majesty's name. 41

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir, I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let 's before, and make the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet 's a tall man, afore Heaven!

[*Exeunt BOBADILL and MATTHEW.*]

Down. Gull, you 'll gi' me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I 'll keep it. 50

Down. You will.

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there 's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There take your cloak, I 'll none on 't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I 'll go with thee to the justice's: bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have? 61

Down. I 'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I 'll take your word; and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I 'll ha' no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that: I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose, at another time. But you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along or I 'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case. Here 's your money again. 71

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you, of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado.

Brai. [*Aside.*] I have made a fair mash on 't.

Step. Must I go ?

Brai. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along, afore me, here : I do not love your hanging look behind. 81

Step. Why, sir : I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow ?

Brai. I think not, sir : it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why, then, let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave :—my chair, sirrah.—You, Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son ?

Kno'. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither ?

Kno'. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he ?

Kno'. Nay, I know not, now ; I left him with your clerk : and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk ? about what time was this ? 10

Kno'. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitley ?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good : but, Mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's ? ha ?

Dame K. An please you, sir, I'll tell you : my brother

Well-bred told me, that Cob's house, was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks ; but on. 20

Dame K. And that my husband used thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True sir, but you know what grows, by such haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I see, rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kately : but did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected ?

Kit. I found her there, sir. 30

Clem. Did you so ? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there ?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Well-bred.

Clem. How ? Well-bred first tell her ? then tell you, after ? Where is Well-bred ?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device ; you are gulled in this most grossly, all !—alas, poor wench, wert thou beaten for this ?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an 't please you. 40

Cob. And worthily, I hope : if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that 's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

Enter a Servant.

How now, sir ? what 's the matter ?

Serv. Sir, there 's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman ! what 's he ?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier ? take down my armour, my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me ! why when, knaves ? come on, come on, hold my cap there, so ; give me my gorget, my sword :——stand by, I will end your matters anon.—Let the soldier enter : *[Exit Servant.* 52

Enter BOBADILL and MATTHEW.

now sir, what ha' you to say to me ?

Bob. By your worship's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir ; I know not your pretence ; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier : why, sir, you shall be answered, here, here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and myself have been most uncivilly wronged, and beaten by one Down-right, a coarse fellow, about the town here, and for mine own part, I protest, being a man, in no sort, given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace ; despoiled me of mine honour ; disarmed me of my weapons ; and rudely laid me along in the open streets : when I not so much as once offered to resist him. 67

Clem. O, God's precious ! is this the soldier ? here, take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear ; he is not fit to look on 't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An 't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they ?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here ; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant ?

Serv. Yes, sir. The officer says, procured by these two. 80

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit Servant.*] Set by this picture.

Enter DOWN-RIGHT, STEPHEN, with BRAIN-WORM as before.

What, Master Down-right ! are you brought at Master Freshwater's suit here ?

Down. I' faith, sir. And here 's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir.—Oh, uncle!

Clem. Uncle? who? Master Kno'well?

Kno. Ay, sir! this is a wise kinsman of mine. 90

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here, monstrously, he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street, by chance.

Down. O, did you find it, now? You said, you bought it, ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile.—You, that have cause to complain there, stand forth;—had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension? 101

Bob. Ay, an 't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'hem! Where is the warrant?—Officer, have you it?

Brai. No sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Down-right, are you such a novice, to be served, and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir. He did not serve it on me.

Clem. No? how then? 115

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said, he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Clem. O, God's pity was it so, sir? "He must serve it!" Give me my long sword there, and help me off: so. Come on, sir varlet, I "must" cut off your legs, sirrah; [BRAIN-WORM kneels.] nay, stand up,

"I'll use you kindly";—I "must" cut off your legs, I say. *[Flourishes over him with his long sword.]*

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good Master Justice!

Clem. I "must" do it; there is no remedy. I "must" cut off your legs, sirrah—I "must" cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it—I "must" cut off your nose—I "must" cut off your head. 130

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise, how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so! I said "I must cut off thy legs," and, "I must cut off thy arms," and, "I must cut off thy head;" but, I did not do it: so you said, "you must serve this gentleman with my warrant," but, you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you "must?"—Sirrah, away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your "must," sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me. 142

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail,—away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose, by my travail, any grain of my fame, certain.

[Throws off his disguises.]

Clem. How is this!

Kno'. My man Brain-worm!

Step. O yes, uncle: Brain-worm has been with my cousin Edward and I, all this day. 151

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you; now, stand strong for me: both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll

pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits. 161

Kno'. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly, for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brain-worm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reformed soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's, upon the errand without end. 170

Kno'. Is it possible! or that thou shouldst disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone, that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, Master Kitley, a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship; while Master Well-bred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away? 180

Kno'. My son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound—which is her portion—can make 'hem: and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'hem, and invite 'hem home.

Clem. Marry, that will I (I thank thee for putting me in mind on 't).—Sirrah, go you and fetch 'hem hither, upon my warrant. [*Exit Servant.*] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright.—Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man Formal? 192

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine,—but all in kindness—and stripping him to his shirt: I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown, to

serve it in ; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration. 199

Clem. And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack. Here 's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence :—Pledge me.—Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine while I know him, for 't.—How now, what noise is that ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL in a suit of armour.

What ! drunk in arms, against me ? your reason, your reason for this ? 210

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me ; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes——

Clem. Well, tell him, I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him : but what is this to your armour ? what may that signify ?

Form. An 't please you, sir, it hung up i' the room, where I was stript ; and I borrowed it of one o' the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street, i' my shirt. 220

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, and BRIDGET.

Who be these ? O, the young company,—welcome, welcome ! Gi' you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not ; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, give me your hand : so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roof.

E. Kn. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care. 231

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir: below the stairs, and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet? I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify

How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud, 240

Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,

And, through the welkin, thundered all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir. He is all for the pocket-muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[*They search MATTHEW'S pockets.*

Wel. You must not deny the Queen's Justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in 's hose; let 's see some of his subjects. [Reads. 250

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face

Runs this poor river, charged with streams of eyes.

How? this is stolen.

E. Kn. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest, of this batch?—Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! Oh, now it's at the highest; and now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* 262

Kno'. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies!

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such, as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet than a sheriff, Master Kately. You look upon me! though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will do the mayor—out of his year. But, these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach. They have it with the fact. 274

E. Kn. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper, between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But, to dispatch away these,—you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hanged out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court, without; and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be so merry within, as to forgive, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir. 287

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep, and he had not bleated! Why, sir, you shall give Master Down-right his cloak; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have, i' the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company, here;—whom I will intreat first to be reconciled;—and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'hem so. 295

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good complement! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest, to put off all discontent. You, Master Down-

right, your anger ; you Master Kno'-well, your cares ;
Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy. 304

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me ;—kiss me, sweet-heart.

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Winged with my cleansed, and my credulous breath !
Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see ! on heads, that think they 've none at all !
O, what a plenteous world of this will come !
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.*

I ha' learned so much verse out of a jealous man's part
in a play. 316

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well ! This night we 'll dedicate
to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom,
take your bride, and lead ; every one, a fellow. Here is
my mistress,—Brain-worm ! to whom all my addresses
of courtship shall have their reference. Whose adventures
this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be
made a fable, I doubt not, but it shall find both spectators,
and applause. [Exeunt.

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

DEDICATION

WILLIAM CAMDEN was second master of Westminster School in 1575, and was afterwards appointed head-master. Jonson repeatedly expressed his gratitude to his old schoolmaster, and in one of his *Epigrams* attributes to him :

" All that I am in Arts, all that I know."

The Dedication was first pre-faced to the Folio edition of 1616.

Clarencieux : King-at-Arms : not in Folio edition of 1616.
repent you : make you repent.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Gull : simpleton.

Water-bearer : one of those who carried the water from the conduits to the houses.

Paul's man : a loungee in the middle aisle of old St. Paul's,

which was a popular meeting and business place.

Scene London : For the change of scene from the Quarto version, see Introduction, p. 13.

PROLOGUE

The Prologue first appeared in the Folio of 1616.

10. **four-and-half-foot words** : Jonson's translation of 'sesquipedalia verba' in Horace's *Ars Poetica*. He is referring to the bombastic diction which he attributes to some of the earlier plays.

11. **York and Lancaster's long jars** : An evident reference to the Shakesperian group of History Plays dealing with the Wars of the Roses; the three parts of *Henry VI*, *Richard II*, and *Richard III*.

12. **tyring-house** : actors' dressing room.

15. **chorus** : For such a function of the introductory chorus, see *Henry V*.

16. **creaking throne** : the cumbrous machinery sometimes used for the introduction of gods, etc.

18. **rolled bullet** : thunder was simulated by a cannon ball rolled along the floor.

21. **But deeds and language, etc.** : See Introduction, p. 9.

ACT I

SCENE I

1. **toward** : in prospect.

12. Jonson himself received the honorary degree of M.A. from both Universities.

27. **coe** : cousin.

37. **wusse** : indeed; corruption of O.E. *gewits*.

39. **book to keep II by** : Books on

the science of hawking were common.

47. **hum-drum**: ordinary fellow.
scroyles: wretches.

48. **what do you talk on it?**: what is your meaning?

49. **Hogsden**: Hoxton: then a rural quarter of London.

50. **archers of Finsbury**: Finsbury Fields had formerly been the training ground for archery; archery was still practised there in Jonson's time, but the place was frequented mostly by the meaner citizens.

51. **ducking**: duck hunting.

52. **mun**: must. Cp. Scot. *mann*.

78. **flashing bravery**: fine apparel.

81. **unsavoury snuff**: the simile is from the snuffing of a candle.

91. **save you**: God save you.

96. **simple**: plain.

99. **In good time**: a phrase of assent—"very good, indeed!" which Stephen interprets in its literal sense.

117. **mechanical**: mean; of the labouring class.

119. **peremptory**: absolute.

146. **Old Jewry**: the part of London in early times associated with the Jews; it was no longer especially a Jewish quarter in Jonson's time.

163. **frippery**: old clothes' shop.

170. **codling**: taking away.

173. **Turkey company**: a company chartered in 1581 for trade with the Levant.

174. **Grand Signior**: the Sultan of Turkey.

175. **batch**: company; literally, a quantity of bread made at one baking. The metaphor is continued in "leaven."

181. **as unconscionable**: with as few scruples.

Guildhall verdict: There are

several contemporary references to the unscrupulous verdicts of London juries.

183. **viaticum**: provisions or expenses for a journey.

Windmill: a well known tavern in Jonson's time in the Old Jewry.

184. **Bordello**: brothel.

185. **Spittle**: hospital or lazaret-house.

Pict-hatch: a notorious haunt of disorderly characters.

195. **tell**: count.

196. **Hesperian dragon**: the dragon of Greek mythology which guarded the fruit in the garden of the Hesperides.

214. **mean**: means.

220. **There is a way**: The next few lines are adapted from a passage in the *Adelphi* of Terence.

SCENE II

26. **Scanderbag**: the name given by the Turks to Castriot, an Albanian chief with whom they were frequently at war; properly Iskander-beg, "Prince Alexander," i.e., Alexander the Great.

34. **boot**: advantage: one of the commonest of Elizabethan puns.

35. **truss**: to tie the laces or "points" which fastened the hose to the doublet.

39. **founder**: bring to disaster.

49. **sadness**: seriousness.

61. **make the most careful costermonger of him**: Alluding to the care of his apples (costards), which the letter had ascribed to Old Kno'well.

63. **troll**: sing.

Master John Trundle: a contemporary publisher, especially of ballads.

72. **mess**: party at a banquet.

94. **Moorgate**: modern Moorgate; originally a postern in the old London wall.
99. **protest**: a fashionable affected usage of the day.
101. **by my fackins**: by my faith.
107. **sort**: rank.
109. **like a tankard-bearer at a conduit**: London was largely supplied with water from conduits, and the men, like Cob, who carried the water and sold it were called "tankard-bearers."
114. **again a good time**: against, in preparation for a festival.
118. **milliner**: originally a merchant dealing in Milan goods.
stomacher: ornamental covering for the breast, worn by women.
119. **cypress**: a fine transparent material resembling crape.
120. **Drake's old ship**: *The Golden Hind* which, on its return from circumnavigating the world, was by order of Queen Elizabeth laid up at Deptford. It became one of the national "sights."
122. **the quality of your desert**: what is becoming to you.
124. **idea**: the true form, the reality.
134. **suburb humour**: one befitting the inferior people of the suburbs.

SCENE III

13. **Herring, the king of fish**: the story of the herring's election as the king of fish is related by Nash in his *Lenten Stuffe*.
17. **harrot's**: herald's.
21. **cob**: originally top, head; applied especially to the head of a herring and also to the herring itself.
30. **Roger Bacon**: the thirteenth century scholar and philosopher,

- renowned later as a magician; evidently one popular account of his life had him burned as a wizard.
33. **upsolve**: a curious and probably popular variant of "solve."
52. **cast**: a quibble between casting dice and vomiting.
56. **swallowed a tavern-token**: a vulgarism for "got drunk." Tokens were small coins used as change by tradesmen before the issue of small copper money by the Government.
60. **stopple**: stopper.
62. **havings**: possessions.
65. **Brazen-head**: One of the marvels attributed to Roger Bacon was the construction of a brazen head which could speak, and by which England was to be surrounded by a wall of brass. Cf. *The Famous History of Friar Bacon*, and Greene's play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.
66. **Moe**: more.
68. **worshipful fishmonger**: member of the City Company of Fishmongers.
72. **invincibly**: Cob's meaning is obscure; one suggestion is that he means "invisibly."
useth: is wont to go.
81. **ti-he**: titter.
83. **There's an oath**: The coining of new expressive oaths was a fashion of the time amongst the gallants, and Jonson ridicules the fashion.
85. **legiblest**: another of Cob's malapropisms; his meaning is obvious.
91. **tonnels**: tunnels, i.e., nostrils.
94. **action**: Bobadill hoodwinks Cob by an impressive use of military terms.
Helter skelter, etc.: This is a string of popular expressions and song refrains.

SCENE IV

Stage Direction—Bobadill discovered, etc.: The curtain before the inner or recess stage has been drawn and Bobadill is seen within.

20. *sort*: company.
 22. *vouchsafe me*: an affected expression of the time.
 34. *possess*: inform.
 45. *resolve so*: am certain of it.
 48. *Go by, Hieronymo*: one of the most popular catch phrases of the day, taken from *The Spanish Tragedy* by Thomas Kyd, to which play the allusion is made. The extravagances of action and diction in this play came in for much ridicule and parody in Jonson's time.
 49. *well penned*: The praise of the play is Bobadill's, not Jonson's. Later, in 1601, Jonson was given the task of "writing additions" to the original *Spanish Tragedy*.
 56. *again*: an exclamation of impatience.
 58. *O eyes, no eyes*, etc.: From the third act of *The Spanish Tragedy*.
 74. *toy*: trifle.

83. *hanger*: the strap or loop from which the sword was hung.
 86. *pied*: multi-coloured, piebald.
 90. *rook*: simpleton.
 91. *malt-horse*: dray-horse.
 102. *bastinado*: a beating with a cudgel. Spanish *bastonada*.
 113. *chartel*: challenge.
 114. *dependence*: a duelling term—the ground of quarrel.
 115. *Caranza*: a Spanish authority on the rules and etiquette of fencing; his *Philosophy of Arms* was published in 1569.
 117. *stoccata*: a duelling term; a thrust.
 130. *accommodate*: furnish; a fashionable military term or "word of action."
 131. *bed-staff*: used for beating the bed in the making.
 150. *passada*: a thrust.
 156. *venue*: a pass in fencing. According to Bobadill this French term was old-fashioned.
 176. *Corydon*: Downright, Wellbred's half-brother. The name of a shepherd in Virgil's *Eclogues*, here and elsewhere associated with boorishness.

ACT II

SCENE I

6. *pieces of eight*: special money coined for trade in the Indies, equivalent in value to a Spanish dollar or piece of eight reals and in English currency valued at four shillings and sixpence.
 9. *grograns*: a coarse stiff fabric of silk, mohair and wool.
 15. *Hospital*: probably a reference to Christ's Hospital in London, to which foundlings were admitted for education.
 28. *against the nearness*: so as not to be prejudiced by.

29. *circumstance*: detailed narration.
 55. *stale*: make himself common.
 59. *stews*: brothel.
 64. *'sdeins*: abbreviated for "God's deynes," a corruption of "dignesse," i.e., "by God's dignity."
 65. *cracked three-farthings*: In 1561 a three-farthings piece was coined, but its use was discontinued in 1582.
 73. *pounds*: enclosures for stray cattle. Here used for the "counters," the city prisons.

74. **claps his dish**: Beggars, infected by disease, carried a begging dish, the cover of which they clapped to attract notice.
83. **travail in it**: take up the task.
86. **stomach**: anger.
98. **vapour**: an old medical term, like "humour"; here spleen.
105. **From my flat cap**, etc.: Flat caps and blackened shoes were associated with the citizens and were derided by the court gallants.
116. **Mass**: i.e., by the mass.
118. **quack-salvers**: quacks. They "set the bills up" to advertise their cures.
145. **Fleet-street**: seems to have been associated with brawls.
146. **madge-howlet**: barn owl. Madge is a popular name for the owl.
147. **tumbrel-slop**: wide breeches.
149. **Garagantua**: The giant of Rabelais' romance *The Life of Gargantua*. There was no translation of Rabelais' work in English at this time, but there seem to have been chap-book histories of Gargantua.
154. **swinge**: beat.
155. **ging**: company.
193. **cuckold**: husband of a faithless wife.
202. **of prescription**: set down, prescribed.
210. **muss**: mouse, a term of endearment.
216. **new disease**: a feverish disease which became prevalent at this time.
224. **has me i' the wind**: has found out my secret; a hunting term used of the prey picking up the scent.
230. **The houses of the brain**: The three houses of the brain were those of the imagination, of the reason, and of the memory. The

following description of the course of the disease, starting from the phantasy, i.e., the imagination, is in accordance with the old medical theories.

237. **sensitive**: sensitive.
241. **erection**: stability.

SCENE II

1. **'alid**: corruption of "By God's light."
2. **translated**: changed.
5. **of my coat**: of my profession; referring to his soldier's coat.
the fico: The allusion may be to the poisonous fig of Spain. But there may be another meaning: "To give the fico" was to thrust out the thumb between the fingers, and was a mode of insult.
9. **dry-foot**: a hunting term; to follow game by the scent of the foot. There is probably a secondary allusion to the marshy state of Moorfields at this time.
13. **blue waiters**: servants. The blue coat was for long the recognized servants' wear.
15. **motley**: the parti-coloured dress of the fool.
19. **Veni, vidi, vici**: "Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame" (*As You Like It*, V. ii.).
22. **lance-knights**: foot soldiers; a term common in the Low Country wars. Ger. *Landsknecht*.
37. **posy**: the motto written on the ring.
63. **the late wars of Bohemia**, etc.: During the second half of the seventeenth century there was continued fighting in these countries, mainly against Turkish aggression. Brain-worm's campaigns, however, would stretch over most part of the century. The taking of Aleppo in the Hungarian wars was in

1516, the relief of Vienna in 1529; by the Adriatic gulf is probably suggested the battle of Lepanto against the Turks in 1591.

97. **Higginbottom**: The reference here is unknown.

SCENE III

Throughout Kno'well's soliloquy on the degeneracy of the age, Jonson has freely adapted sentiments from Juvenal, Horace, and Quintilian. The soliloquy takes the place of a shorter and certainly inferior rhymed speech in the Quarto version.

2. **admire**: wonder at.
5. **When I was young**, etc.: adapted from Juvenal's *Thirteenth Satire*, where he tells of the respect formerly paid to age.
14. **Nay, would ourselves**, etc.:

adapted from a passage in Quintilian's *Institutes of Eloquence*.

44. **Venetian courtezans**: Venice was notorious for its immorality.
49. **Neither have I**, etc.: Cf. Juvenal's *Fourteenth Satire*.
53. **ordinaries**: taverns, eating-houses.
62. **leystals**: filth heaps.
66. **fleshed**: encouraged, stoutened.
88. **it shall not be given**: Because in time he hopes to be able to pay it back.
120. **purchased**: obtained.
140. **conduit**: water channel.
145. **cassock**: a loose outer-coat worn by soldiers.
musket-rest: a prop on which the musket was rested when being fired.
146. **Mill-end**: where the City bands had their training ground.

ACT III

SCENE I

14. **faces about**: a military term, "about turn."
23. **quos æquus amavit Jupiter**: whom impartial Jupiter has loved (Virgil, *Æneid*, VI, 129).
27. **Apollo**: the God of Poetry.
28. **Thespian girls**: the Muses, associated with Thespiae, a town in Bœotia.
29. **Fury**: inspired frenzy; referring to his love for poetry.
36. **Pliny**: the Roman statesman and writer of Trajan's reign. His fame rests on his *Letters*.
Symmachus: A Roman statesman and orator of the fourth century. His *Epistles* are modelled on Pliny's.
37. **burned in the ear**: a reference to the custom of branding criminals.

39. **marle**: marvel.
62. **two hang-by's**: hangers-on: Bobadill and Matthew.
65. **sign of the Dumb Man**: Stephen has on the "melancholy" humour.
85. **general man**: free in making acquaintance.
86. **embrace it**: Bobadill's affectation:—"I leave it you to consider the extent of the favour I am conferring."
99. **utters**: puts on sale.
123. **Strigonium**: Graan, in Hungary, retaken from Turks in 1595.
129. **Galloways**: In the Quarto Bobadill names Tortosa as the place, a Syrian town captured by the Genoese in 1148. Here he makes the lie less obvious by conveniently forgetting the name.

149. **demi-culverings** : nine-pounder cannon.
152. **linstock** : staff with lighted match at end for firing the cannon.
153. **petronel** : carbine.
161. **impeach** : damage.
164. **Morglay, etc.** : all famous swords. Morglay was the sword of Sir Bevis of Southampton; Excalibur of King Arthur and Durindana of Orlando.
168. **Toledo** : Toledo, in Spain, famous for its swords.
175. **guilder** : a Dutch coin worth about a florin.
180. **provant** : provided by the army stores, therefore supposed to be of inferior quality.
190. **coney-catching** : a cant term for swindling"; from "coney," a rabbit.
195. **stomach** : rage, valour.
227. **conceited** : witty, disposed to jest.
231. **of that coat** : of that profession; a clergyman.
233. **servant to the drum extraordinary** : Wheatley suggests that Brain-worm is here, in reference to the Elder Kno'well, carrying further the figure which, at l. 208, Well-bred applies to Stephen of a drum to be played upon. Possibly the phrase merely means that Brain-worm is a "servant to the drum," i.e., a soldier, and "extraordinary," i.e., for the special occasion.
250. **Coleman-street** : one of the fashionable London streets of the period.
266. **pressed** : impressed.
267. **Thames-street, etc.** : the shipping quarters of old London.
25. **as a jet doth straws** : referring to the electrical property of jet, which, like amber, attracts light substances.
34. **main** : powerful.
36. **little caps** : small velvet caps were then fashionable with the citizens' wives. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii, 64.
38. **three-piled** : velvet of the best quality.
42. **scrivener** : clerk.
44. **Exchange-time** : The Quarto reading is "past ten." The time for opening business on the Exchange is otherwise variously given as eleven and twelve.
59. **to** : compared to.
76. **private** : private affairs.
77. **crest** : reputation; the metaphor may be taken either from the heraldic device or from the head plumes.
88. **precisian** : puritan, which is the Quarto reading.
90. **fayles and tick-tack** : varieties of the game of backgammon.
97. **resolved** : convinced.
146. **Fasting-days** : By Act of Parliament no flesh could be eaten on Fast-days under penalty of fine or imprisonment. Wednesdays and Fridays were for long such days of abstinence in Elizabeth's reign. The reason for the continuance of these regulations in Protestant England was to support the fishermen by whom the ships were largely manned in war.
149. **Ember-weeks** : the weeks in which the Ember days, or Fast days, of the Church occur.
152. **choler** : anger. The quibble with "collar" is very common.
156. **jade** : old horse.
159. **rheum** : caprice : a medical term which evidently had been superseded in fashion by "humour."

SCENE II

13. **fleering** : grinning, mocking.
22. **caract** : carat, value.

163. **mack**: probably related to or a corruption of "mass."
165. Jonson puts into Cash's mouth his own opinion of the affectation of "humours."
181. **stomach**: resent.
maw: stomach, i.e., hunger.
182. **Sir Bevis, his horse**: Arundel, the famous horse of Sir Bevis of Hampton, the hero of one of the old romances. The horse was renowned for its pugnacity.
187. **Flemish breed**: The Flemings were reputed to be extraordinarily fond of butter.
188. **ravin**: devour.
197. **cobs**: See I, iii, 21.
200. **Hannibal**: Cob's malapropism for cannibal.
203. **King Cophetua**: the African king who, according to the old ballad, married the beggar-maid Penelophon.
210. **utter**: sell, dispose of.
212. **beaten like a stock-fish**: The stock-fish or dried cod was so hard salted that it had to be beaten before being boiled.
223. **joined patten**: holding joint-patent with, i.e., a shareholder in wisdom with
Seven Wise Masters: the world's sages, given by Wheatley as: Bias of Priene in Ionia; Pit-tacus of Mitylene; Cleobolus of Lindus, in Rhodes; Periander of Corinth; Solon the Athenian; Chilon the Lacedemonian; and Thales the Milesian.
224. **writhen**: forced.
226. **gentlemen of the round**: men who ranked above the common soldiers and part of whose duty it was to visit the rounds of the sentries.
227. **sit on the skirts**: harass, annoy.
provost: provost-marshal, a disciplinary officer.
231. **shove-groat shilling**: a smooth shilling used in the game of shovel-board. The coin was slid along a board so as to stop at certain numbers.
232. **reformados**: disbanded soldiers.
246. **Houndsditch**: The association of brokers with Houndsditch and with the devil is several times referred to in the literature of the period; so, too, the proverb, "A crafty knave needs no broker."
250. **ergo**: therefore.
253. **has ten**: The quibble is on the double meaning of "shift," a trick and change of apparel.
275. **taking the wall**: The inferior person was supposed to make way for the superior by taking the outside of the road.
288. **Trinidado**: The best tobacco came from Trinidad.
293. **reprove**: disprove, refute.
299. **divine**: Cf. Spenser's like epithet: "Whether it divine tobacco were or panachæa" (*Faerie Queene*, III, v, 32).
in the nature: in its natural form.
303. **green**: raw.
Balsamum: balm.
304. **St. John's wort**: The oil of this plant was held to be one of the best wound remedies.
305. **Nicotian**: a generic name for the tobacco plant, from Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France in 1560.
330. **present**: immediate.
333. **ratsbane or rosaker**: arsenic preparations. Cob's opinion on the novel habit of tobacco drinking, as it was then most commonly termed, has the backing of King James, who railed against it in his *Counterblast to Tobacco*.
335. **cullion**: mean, base fellow.

363. **affidavit**: written statement given on oath.
370. **artillery-garden**: the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company, which dates from 1507.
390. **French dressing**: The French were reputed to be addicted to oaths which were eagerly borrowed by some of the travelling Englishmen.

SCENE III

15. **Bane**: destruction.
23. **cornucopiæ**: horn of plenty.
36. **Bridewell**: the City work-house and house of correction.
45. **eggs on the spit**: a common proverbial expression signifying to have important business on hand.
69. **Green Lattice**: Lattice-work originally took the place of glass

for the windows of ale-houses, and the colour of the lattice frequently gave the name to the tavern.

scot and lot: originally the term used for the amount of parish taxes payable; figuratively, it means to pay thoroughly.

73. **scot-free**: without payment.
88. **twelve-month and a day**: the statutory period within which a person's death from wounds could be attributed to the assailant.
92. **colour**: reason.
102. **bob**: strike.
123. **Sweet Oliver**: a common epithet for the Oliver who was Orlando's rival in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.
137. **fear**: frighten.
155. **parcel**: part; referring to Brain-worm's ragged and unsoldierlike appearance.

ACT IV

SCENE I

16. **perboiled**: boiled completely.
25. **servant**: a common term for suitor or lover.
29. **Hoy-day**: an exclamation of impatience.
34. **odd toy**: unimportant trifle.
35. **To mock an ape withal**: a proverbial saying signifying to trick a simpleton.
41. **foppery**: folly. Down-right thinks that it is past folly.
59. **incipere dulce**: "it is sweet to begin": this is changed by Young Kno'well to mean "it is sweet to be foolish."
64. **motte**: motto, proverb.
65. **benchers**: the idlers who frequented the ale-house benches.
- panca verba**: a phrase which in various forms occurs fre-

quently; its connexion with the benches is not clear; here, of course, Well-bred is suggesting that Kno'well should cease his comments and let the farce proceed.

71. **Hero and Leander**: Marlowe's poem, from the first sestiad of which Matthew's verses are filched with a few changes.
78. **catastrophe**: conclusion.
81. **free of the wit-brokers**: made a freeman of the company which trades in second-hand wit.
84. **flothing**: thieving.
- from the dead**: Marlowe had died in 1593.
95. **Star**: evidently the name of a tavern.
119. **vied and revied**: These are gaming terms when the bet is made and then increased by the

opponent. Well-bred, by the words, refers to the way in which his mention of "trick" (itself a gaming term) has been caught up in a chorus of repetition.

120. **cater-wauling**: uproar, discordant noise.

124. **in snuff**: in anger.

126. **for a concealment**: for something which has been wrongly kept back. The allusion is to the practice of courtiers in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging for the right to retrieve monastery lands which should have become Crown property but which had been withheld. These commissions for concealments, as they were called, were stopped in 1572.

129. **teston**: sixpence.

133. **I wuss**: I trow.

135. **whose cow has calved?** who is talking in a big way?

143. **potlings**: toppers.

soldados: Spanish for soldiers; used here in the sense of swaggering soldiers.

144. **foolados**: a coinage of Downright's, to match soldados.

146. **slops**: wide breeches, i.e., Bobadill.

150. **cut a whetstone**: i.e., "don't talk nonsense!"

163. **coystril**: originally a knight's attendant; debased to mean a low fellow.

175. **sort**: company.

179. **Songs and Sonnets**: a favourite title for a verse collection; Matthew is, of course, meant.

216. **master**: i.e., a good master.

SCENE II

18. **foist**: cheat, pickpocket.

Burgullion: swashbuckler, bully. "Burgonian" is used in the same sense.

21. **basted**: beaten.

24. **Trojan**: hearty fellow. The Trojans were usually alluded to favourably in our older literature.

27. **smoked**: tricked.

SCENE III

30. **'Point**: appoint.

SCENE IV

19. **black art**: magic, a power often attributed to scholarship.

30. **but they seemed men**: Till then he had merely heard voices which had lured him into the house; when he entered the voices changed to real men. Brain-worm is intentionally pretending that "black art"—or what at first seemed to him like it—may have been behind his capture.

36. **anatomy**: a body to be dissected.

39. **bottom**: skein, ball.

43. **brave**: richly dressed.

54. **much**: used in a colloquial and ironical sense of "no."

61. **nupson**: simpleton.

75. **Mile-end**: The City training ground. See II, iii, 146.

80. **neat grist**: grist is ground corn; the liquor is so called as coming from the Windmill; neat means pure, unadulterated.

SCENE V

14. **hay**: the cry as the fencer thrusts; from Italian *hai*, "you have it."

16. **punto**: instant; it also means a stroke. See I. 80.

21. **travail**: in a double sense—labour and travel.

37. **have purchased**, etc.: have won for them the credit of being admired.

47. **skirts**: outskirts.

Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shore-ditch: all notoriously disreputable places. Bobadill, in his boasting, is made to give away his usual haunts.

50. **Ordinary**: tavern.

54. **pismire**: ant.

57. **bastinado**: a beating with a cudgel; here the cudgel. See I, iv, 102.

61. **conceit**: opinion.

63. **peculiar**: single.

82. **punto**: See I, 16.

reverso: a back-stroke.

stoccata: See I, iv, 116.

83. **imbroccata**: a thrust made over the dagger, which was held in the left hand.

passada: See I, iv, 147.

montanto: an upward thrust.

107. **welkin**: sky.

126. **gipsy**: a common term of reproach.

131. **Tall**: bold.

138. **foist**: See IV, ii, 18.

148. **struck with a planet**: The victim of a sudden inexplicable illness was deemed to be "planet-struck": so Bobadill here in his sudden disability to defend himself. Jonson may be poking fun at the doctors as well as at Bobadill.

SCENE VI

5. **adjection**: addition.

9. **own man**: himself.

13. **stands upon**: believes in.

24. **mithridate**: an antidote against poisons. Mithridates, King of Pontus, was the supposed originator of the antidote.

31. **conceits**: fancies, thoughts.

52. **pen-man**: clerk.

53. **grist**: See IV, iii, 78

59. **bill**: halberd, pike.

65. **Tower**: As the Tower of London was extra-parochial, they could be married there without delay.

81. **band**: linen collar.

114. **ceruse**: a white lead cosmetic with which women painted their faces.

116. The sudden break-off here may be left to be explained by the acting. Bridget makes an impatient gesture at her brother's drawn-out and, as she affects, unintelligible harangue. He stops and comes to the point. This is quite in keeping with Jonson's realistic manner in dialogue.

132. **squire**: pander, go-between.

140. **dors**: tricks, mocks. The dor is the chafer beetle, which irritatingly eddies in its flight.

SCENE VII

8. **part**: action.

14. **Nobilis, Gentilezza**: gentry.

16. **retricato**: an unexplained fencing term.

17. **assalto**: onset.

18. **base wood**: the cudgel or baston.

41. **angels**: The angel was an old coin stamped with a figure of the archangel, Michael; it was worth about ten shillings.

45. **cross**: penny, which was marked with a cross. The secondary meaning of "misfortune" gives the quibble with fortune.

66. **russet**: reddish-brown.

73. **varlets**: servants, i.e., bailiffs.

79. **for**: in place of.

SCENE VIII

16. **copecmate**: companion.

30. **close**: secret.

31. **smoked**: discovered.

38. **treacher** : traitor.
 52. **elder** : old man.
 57. **hoddy-doddy** : deceived fool.
 82. **bundle o' hemp** : which is prepared by beating.
 85. **quean** : wench.

SCENE IX

2. **serjeant's gown** : the special gown was one of the marks of the city serjeant's office.

4. **'rests** : arrests.
 6. **diminutive of a mace** : a little mace, which was carried as the staff of office by the serjeant.
 22. **i' the queen's name** : See Introduction, p. 15.
 34. **filcher** : thief.
 46. **make** : prepare.
 69. **swinge** : See II, i, 154.
 77. **mash** : muddle.

ACT V

SCENE I

21. **used** : frequented.
 36. **Gone with my sister** : Kately's knowledge of the departure of his sister and Well-bred is not explained. In the Quarto he is informed of his sister's departure from the house.
 42. **a piece of a sentence** : Clement refers to Cob's phrase "if it shall prove so," which is only a partial statement and can be completed only when the matter is investigated.
 49. **when, knaves** : a phrase of impatience.
 51. **gorget** : throat armour.
 55. **pretence** : purpose.
 82. **picture** : copy of a soldier.
 84. **Freshwater** : a soldier who had seen no service.
 99. **breathe** : rest.
 103. **passion** : emotion.
 155. **balance** : the balance which the figure of Justice holds.
 173. **metamorphosis** : change.
 186. **prevent** : anticipate.
 205. **ingine** : understanding, wit. From Lat. *ingenium*.
 219. **drawers** : tapsters, drawers of liquor.
 230. **these two** : Bobadill and Matthew.

235. **below the stairs** : privately,—with the suggestion also of "as a menial."
 239. **Phlegon** : one of the horses of the Sun. The stanza is a burlesque of the bombastic verse which Jonson constantly ridiculed.
 244. **pocket-muse** : He carried his verses with him.
 249. **realm** : a quibble on "realm" and "ream," which were pronounced alike.
 251. A parody of the opening of Daniel's first sonnet to Delia :—
 "Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty
 Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal."
 256. **batch** : See I, i, 172.
 262. **Sic transit gloria mundi** : So passes the glory of the world.
 263. **emblem** : picture with a motto.
 274. **with the fact** : their punishment and reproach lie in the very fact that they are shams.
 275. At this point in the Quarto Lorenzo Junior, i.e., Young Kno'well, defends poetry in what is the finest verse passage of the play. See Introduction, p. 14.
 285. **a third** : Formal.



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